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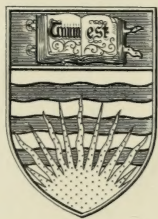
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EDGAR WILLIAMS STANTON

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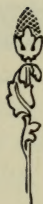
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In Memoriam
Edgar Williams Stanton



Eighteen Hundred and Fifty
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty



By this Memorial to Dr. Edgar Williams Stanton, the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts pays lasting tribute to the character, the scholarship and the service of one of the most distinguished members of its faculty.




THERE IS NO DEATH.

TO E. W. STANTON

I cannot think his chair is empty now,
Or that another comes to fill the place
Where he was wont to sit and greet
The slowly moving lines.
Somewhere, upon the Campus that he loved,
He must be waiting still. Another turn,
And we shall meet him face to face.
I cannot think that he is far-away;
His spirit fills the place,
Looks down, sees all with brooding tenderness;
Lives on in these, the men and women who,
Through all the years, have learned to call him friend—
Who, stumbling, never lacked a helping hand,
And faltering, have found him strong to hold
Them to their best ideals and his own.
In these he lives, and in their children, too,
Will live through generations yet to come.
For him, there is no need of Campus bell
To stir our memories, lest we forget.
For him, there is no death!

MARGARET J. MCELROY, Ex 1911.
Des Moines, Iowa.

H. S. Kline



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E. M. Stanton

EDGAR WILLIAMS STANTON



Iowa State College — of — **Agriculture and Mechanic Arts**



In recognition of distinguished services rendered Iowa State College in important teaching and administrative positions during his connection of half a century with this Institution

we, the colleagues of

Edgar Williams Stanton

present this testimonial of highest regard and esteem to him as Senior Member of the Faculty.

Presented at Founders Day exercises semi-centennial celebration, June seventh, nineteen hundred twenty.

Edgar Williams Stanton, B. Sc., M. Sc., LL. D., Vice-President, Secretary, Dean of the Junior College and Professor of Mathematics.

As an educator he has given priceless service to the state and to the nation. As an administrator he has led the college through many crises. By his tact, firmness and good fellowship he has endeared himself to faculty, alumni and students. We hope that he will remain long among us to serve the cause of education and to aid us by his counsel.

BIOGRAPHICAL

LIFE OF EDGAR WILLIAMS STANTON

BY

MARGARET STANTON KIRSHMAN, '02

BOYHOOD

THE early life of Edgar Williams Stanton was spent at Waymart, Wayne County, Pennsylvania. It was there that he was born on October 3, 1850 and lived through the impressionable years of his life when the Civil War was being fought. His great-grandfather, Colonel Asa Stanton, was the first settler in Wayne County, coming from Norwich and New London, Connecticut in 1790. At one time Colonel Stanton owned the land which included the site of the present village of Waymart. As early as 1793 he chose for his home the farm land upon which Mr. Stanton's father, Fitz Henry Stanton, lived after 1882 and which was the home of Mr. Stanton's grandfather, Asa Stanton, from the time of the Colonel's death until 1881. Though Mr. Stanton was born on a farm in South Clinton township scarcely a stone's throw from Waymart and from 1859 until he went away to school lived in the home which his father built in the village of Waymart, still the farm of his grandfather and great-grandfather to which his father moved in 1882 became *the* home to him and it was to this home in later years that he took his family on their many summer trips back to Pennsylvania. By the time Mr. Stanton's father, Fitz Henry, took up the estate in 1882, it had been divided, but that only meant that "Aunt Lucy" lived on one side and "Uncle Sam" on the other. A trip to Waymart was truly going back among the home-folks. It was only after there were no longer any members of Mr. Stanton's own family to look after the estate that the Pennsylvania home was sold in 1907.

The natural environment in which Mr. Stanton's boyhood was spent was a beautiful one. Waymart borough is ideally located in a

vale at the foot of the Moosic Mountains. Wayne County, the northeast county of the state, is nearly enclosed by natural boundaries: to the northeast and east is the Delaware River, the Wallenpaupack forms the southern boundary, and the Moosic Mountains extend north and south along the western side. The pastures of the family estate ran up the gentle slopes of the Moosic. An energetic climb took one from the back pastures up the trail to High Knob, the observatory that showed plainly from the Stanton's back door, and later became the center of the famous picnic grounds of Farview. Whether as a boy Mr. Stanton climbed the hills until he was above the clouds watching the rain storm below him in the valley, or trudged the road leading from his home in the village to his grandfather's country home a mile away, on all sides there was beauty. The surface of the country extended eastward from the Moosics to the Delaware like a rolling sea. The meadows and pastures, the farmhouses and orchards, the sheltered vales and forest crowned hills, interspersed with the silver sheen of distant lakes, made a picture of magnificent pastoral loveliness.

It is easy to account for Mr. Stanton's splendid ability as a swimmer and his love for fishing when it is realized that he came from a county dotted with seventy-five lakes. The waters of these sand and pebble-shored lakes were nearly as pure and clear as crystal; and the sunfish, perch, catfish, eel, pickerel, trout, and bass were great game for the fisherman. A return trip from the plains of Iowa not only meant a trip to a real summer resort, but back there it was also home, for his mother's relatives, the Rounds and the Kimballs, were as numerous as the Stantons. In Carbondale, Scranton, Honesdale, and Waymart lived many of his school-mates: the Pattersons, the Dimmocks, the Spencers, the MacMullens, the Lees, and Homer Green, the writer of *Youth's Companion* fame, and P. P. Bliss, of whom he took music lessons. "It is very pleasant for the season of the year," he wrote in a diary kept when he was nine years of age. "We are all well. I am going to school and I think I am making progress in my studies, and I practice on the piano, and I think I can learn how to play."



It is from these diaries and from the many stories he loved to tell of his boyhood days that we can easily picture the life of the son of a farmer and lumberman who also owned and operated a water-power sawmill. Edgar, the only living son, cut and hauled logs, or went with his father to buy cattle driving them home from adjoining counties. A record of expenses shows that he drove the Niles's cow to and from the pasture for the munificent sum of twenty-five cents a month.

Those were the good old days of the spelling school, the sewing bee, and the singing school. According to his diaries, Sunday in the Methodist church which the family attended meant Sunday school and "meeting" in the morning, "meeting" in the afternoon, and "meeting" in the evening. Mr. Stanton always prized the book which he won for learning the most verses in the Bible.

In January, 1860, when he was still nine years of age, Mr. Stanton wrote in the diary, "It is very pleasant for the season of the year [a sentence often repeated in his diary]. We are all well. Ossian, and Katherine [an adopted sister] and I are going to school. I study Practical Arithmetic, and Geography, and Reading, and Intellectual Arithmetic. I hope we shall prosper and learn. Father is at work on the new house and is going to measure his logs and when school is out Ossian and I are going to play."

A great pastime for the boys was "hand-sledding", and on that January day they probably hurried off to the snow covered slopes so close to the home. Sleighing and skating too were common. Stanton's Pond and Keen's Lake were but a few minutes drive from the town, and Elk Lake was only four miles away. The boys often went swimming or fishing, or upon the mountain side gathering blueberries, blackberries, and chestnuts. Once he and a neighbor boy conceived the idea while picking berries that they would sell enough to lay in a good supply of firecrackers for the Fourth of July. The spanking which followed taught a lesson always remembered that the property of others is sacred and never to be appropriated by another, no matter what the temptation.

With no library in the village, we find the boy always borrowing

and lending books; his early love for history is especially noted in the books mentioned; in 1864, he borrowed "The Life of Alexander the Great," returning the book completely read at the end of three days. How voluminous was the volume and how many candles were burned late into the night to accomplish this!

Evidently he was not the goody-goody boy in school; perhaps some of the pranks he played helped him to understand the ways of students later on. He was one of those who crawled down between the seats and crept on hands and knees to the door in order to go swimming and then crept back in the same way without being missed by the busy school-teacher.

After finishing at the Waymart Normal Institute, Mr. Stanton, at the age of sixteen or seventeen, attended the Delaware Literary Institute at Franklin, New York. Some of his Waymart teachers were former students of this institution, and other Waymart boys graduated from there. It was really not going far from home, only into the next county to a beautiful spot in the valley of the Susquehanna River. He earned his own way by taking care of the chapel, sweeping, dusting, and filling the lamps. On an automobile trip to Franklin in 1913, he said that he was afraid to have Mrs. Stanton and his son Donald enter the chapel for fear it might have shrunk as compared with the stories that he had told about its size and that with this shrinkage the number of lamps that had to be cleaned for the meager sum which he had received each week might have decreased. From Franklin he went later to Poughkeepsie, New York to study telegraphy, with which subject he was already familiar. It was at Franklin that he received the influence that later so changed his destiny, for he became the friend of Professor Jones, the head of the school; it was through him that he went to Ames to complete his education.

The interims at home were spent at the mill or the farm, or in teaching district school. During his first term of teaching, one Friday afternoon was made memorable by the fact that every pupil who was to read an original essay began with "There was a fight" or else gave the entire poem "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" as an original produc-

tion. He afterwards wondered what might have happened one day when some girls from Waymart came to visit his school if the boys who blackened their faces during recess had not immediately at his suggestion marched to the pump. School teaching in those days meant "boarding around," and Mr. Stanton had many tales of intimate family life to tell from these experiences. He was teaching a select school with a lifelong friend, Lafe Dimmock, when he decided to go west.

"Since I left my Pennsylvania home to enroll my name as a student in I. S. C.," he wrote in later years, "many changes have taken place. One day early this week, I stood upon the old farm nestling as it does at the foot of the Moosic Mountains. I saw around me many evidences of the changes that had been wrought. Sturdy old trees which I had thought the centuries could not phase had gone down before the breath of the years. Mountain streams which I had deemed as lasting as the hills dropped out of nature's economies. Old time roads which I had regarded as fixtures had been supplemented by more pretentious convenient highways. Buildings had been remodelled or replaced or their sites given over to cultivation or to briers, and of many an old familiar path through pasture and woodland which my boyish feet had trod not a trace remained. There was much of life in the picture, and yet to me there brooded over it all a silence which that busy life of to-day neither recognized nor disturbed. The world on which my thought dwelt was still. The energies that had directed it were at rest. The voices that had called it to duty were silent; only here and there a lone worker of the old days remained. Oppressed with the idea of the transient character of all things human, I turned to nature for my consolation. The marvellous beauty of the springtime resurrection was upon the valleys and hills, and as I looked upon the landscape it became strangely familiar. In all its great outlines it was unchanged. The windings of the valley and the far stretch of the hills were the same. The graceful curvings of old Moosic were set against the sky as of yore, and old High Knob looked down upon me with the same air of friendly oversight with which it had kept watch upon my boyish

wanderings. Shrouded in the gloom of the twilight or radiant with the glory of the morning, it stood unchanged in its silent grandeur. As I turned from the faith inspiring scene and began my journey westward to that bit of college campus which has grown to be to me the most precious spot on earth, I appreciated as never before that that which is on the surface and which we see is in itself transient but that much which we do not see is eternal; that man can touch the mortal with his immortal and make the picture of Auld Lang Syne and its seeings as lasting as the ages."

Mr. Stanton even as a boy was intensely patriotic. It was in October, 1860 that he joined the "Young American Wide Awakes" and marched with the others in torch light parades before the election and during the early days of the war. He was only ten when he joined, but he went with the Waymart boys when they united with the Honesdale or Carbondale "Wide Awakes" in their enthusiastic campaigns. He was only twelve when with a slight knowledge of telegraphy he stood for hours at the instrument and was able to catch enough to report to those crowding about him the returns from the battle of Gettysburg. "While I was a school boy," he wrote after the World War began, "poring over my history text, the names of Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan were written before my very eyes in undying fame." Again he wrote, "I was but a boy when back in the sixties the people of this country were summoned to give a new interpretation to the meaning of human freedom. There was need of faith; there was want of faith; there was growth in faith. More than half a century has passed, and yet to-day I feel as it were the inspired touch of those battle-scarred, faith-growing years. It was then much as now: the transformation from peace to war; the call to arms; the impulse to enlist; the quickened conscience lining men to duty; the breaking of the home ties; the vacant chairs around the family hearthstone; the waiting for the news from the field of battle; the casualty lists; the tightening determination that went with defeat; the joy of victory; the unifying of the nation's energies; the development of great civic and military leaders; the glory of fighting for a noble cause and helping to make enduring history; and, above

all, the growth of that abiding faith that in camp and dreary march found expression in those thrilling lines:

'In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.' "

EARLY COLLEGE DAYS

To those who knew the college in its early days, the memories of the class of '72 are sacred. Its members were at the college when Mr. Stanton arrived March 5, 1870, ready to take up the duties of the term which opened March the ninth; only eight of the class remained to rejoice with the institution in its semi-centennial celebration in June, 1920; before the middle of September of that same year, G. W. Ramsay of Independence, Iowa and E. W. Stanton had gone to the great beyond, leaving six, O. H. Cessna, J. L. Stevens, C. N. Dietz, Henry Page, C. H. Tillotson, and Mattie Locke Macomber, of the original twenty-six.

The boy of nineteen as he crossed the plains from his Pennsylvania home must have been glad that he was not going among entire strangers, for he knew the Jones family. Professor Jones, elected professor of mathematics in January, 1868, had arrived from Franklin, New York to be in Ames at the opening of the college, October the twenty-first. He had acted as President of the college that first term while President-elect Welch finished his year as United States senator. Professor Jones's letters had carried back to his former pupil something of the opportunities which lay open to an ambitious young man. Mr. Stanton was one of the first, if not the first, to be admitted to the institution from another state; there were, however, fifteen from other states who had made application for admittance for this March term. The year before twenty-two students had been refused admission because there was not room for them in the Main Building; Mr. Stanton, coming from another state, would have

found difficulties confronting him had he come among strangers. He became a member of the Jones family, and on April 24, 1870 when they moved into their new home, later known as "The Maples", the south attic room became his for the years of his student life.

Whether he walked from the station to the college grounds on that first day or rode in the bus with his small trunk hoisted upon the front seat, there must have been something of a longing for the hills and valleys and the lakes of Pennsylvania, as he first looked across the stretches of the prairies that he came to love so passionately in after years. The college farm had seen its eighth harvest; Main Building, still without either wing, and already too small, stood above the rest of the campus; the grounds in front were no longer just the clay banks of '69 but had been terraced three feet high, the banks turfed, and the surface gravelled. The students who came the first year found only a group of willow trees running north and south past the Farm House; by March, 1870, when Mr. Stanton arrived, there were over 500 trees, many of them evergreens, which the students had planted under the direction of Dr. Welch. Two roads were completed: the one led from the Farm House curving to the north side of the terrace, and the other was completed from the south side of the terrace down across the creek as far as the main road to Ames; a branch curved to the new home of Professor Jones and another to President Welch's house located on the knoll south and east of the present chime tower and known to later students as Music Hall. President Welch's home was already an important center of college life.

There were over two hundred students enrolled in the spring of 1870; some were in the preparatory class, some were freshmen, all the others were sophomores. The class of '72, the first class at Iowa State College, had the distinction of being the upper class during all of the four years. Mr. Stanton, because of his advantages in the eastern schools and because Professor Jones as a former teacher could testify regarding his ability, had many credits accepted as "passed" and was allowed to join the upper class. Perhaps it was also because of Professor Jones's influence and because Mr. Stanton wished to special-

ize in mathematics that he entered the engineering instead of the agricultural course.

As a student Mr. Stanton lived at the Jones home; Miss Stalker [Sallie Stalker Smith] and Miss Raybourne [Hattie Raybourne Morse] also lived there. The three of them worked for Professor Jones. All students worked then either for the college or under special arrangements for private individuals. "All students, without regard to pecuniary circumstances, are, therefore, obliged to perform manual labor as an essential part of the college education and discipline and training," read the minutes of the Board of Trustees in January, 1866. "Instead of the idea of poverty and want being associated with those that labor, that of laziness and worthlessness is associated with those who refuse to work efficiently." Later a rule was passed requiring three hours a day in summer and two hours in winter at the rate of from three to ten cents an hour.

It was not only because they were first in the history of a great institution, that the members of the class of '72 were knit together so strongly, but the life they led in those early days made for close friendships. Though some of the students lived outside of the Main [except in vacations, Mr. Stanton lived within its walls only after he began to teach], all life on the campus was guided largely by what was done there, and any divergence from these rules was by special permission of the authorities. Like the legends of old, the stories related by the early graduates of the seventies were woven about a very definite order of the day—an order gradually lost to students of later years but which it is necessary to understand to appreciate the almost clannish sentiment of the early graduate. The day was from five-thirty until ten, and each hour was strictly accounted for. A very musical triangle was beaten as a warning for meals; the old bell rang out the hours or was specially rung as a rising bell or for lights out. Outside of study and recitation hours, the students were divided into squads and under special direction performed every conceivable kind of work necessary to the running of the institution. The hour or so for amusements was devoted to baseball for vigorous exercise, although the men and women might join in a game of croquet or they

might wander together on the campus. The students of the seventies planted the trees, built the roads, and landscaped the grounds; the only conflict in the stories told as these men and women returned in after years was that each claimed to have done individually the things to which time gave the most prominent and lasting place.

It was into this college atmosphere of work that the boy from Pennsylvania came to earn his way through college. The day after his arrival Mr. Stanton began work in the office of Professor Jones, who had assumed the duties of cashier of the college in January, 1870. He chose in this way to fulfill the requirements of work as did also Cessna, Dietz, Hayward, and Ben Hardy. After the first few weeks spent in the Farm House, he was also employed at the Jones home receiving the stipulated ten cents an hour. He did the chores, crossing the campus under special permission to carry the milk from the farm barns where he went to milk the family cow and care for "Old Boney," the horse that stood in his mind for everything that was stubborn, mean, and contemptible. At the house he cared for the fires, pumped the water into the tank, and in emergencies assisted in the house-work.

Concerning these days he later said in an address, "The past lingers lovingly in your minds and so it does in mine. Time never blots out of one's life the recollections of one's college days. Years may pass and your heads be whitened with the frosts of many winters, but the pleasant hours you have spent in your Alma Mater will remain in memory as fresh and bright as the spring time verdure. Their joyous memories will be with you and abide with you always, and bless you. Your college days and mine stand at the extremes of two decades, and yet I doubt not but that I walk to-night in memory amid the scenes of that time long gone with as clear a vision as do you through the years that lie just behind you. It is no disparagement of the present to recall those days. The college was then in its infancy. This beautiful lawn was mere raw prairie; but few of the buildings which now adorn it had been constructed, and the departments contained only the beginnings of that splendid equipment which is now our pride. The faculty, however, was one well worthy

of the arduous task of establishing and giving direction to the policies of the institution. At its head in the full vigor of a noble manhood, enriched by broad scholarship and strengthened by long experience in executive positions, stood the revered Dr. Welch. By his side, ever clear-headed and helpful, was found the gallant General Geddes, whose name will live in American history as long as the stories of the deeds of valor wrought by the brave sons of Iowa who fought under his command in the Hornet's Nest at Shiloh. In the faculty list appeared also the names of Jones, Anthony, Wynn, Bessey, and Roberts, all of whom have since won distinction in scientific circles and in other institutions of higher learning. A grand faculty it was, and broad and deep and strong were laid by them the foundations of this institution."

Mr. Stanton could not relate from experience the first days of the college when the Main was lighted by candles before the gas plant was working, nor the hauling of water in the tank on wheels from the Farm House before the well was completed, nor did he experience the days when the heating plant reversed itself and instead of the heat coming into the rooms over the transoms from the halls, the cold air, blowing through the crevices of the windows through the rooms and over the transoms drove the hot air out of the halls through the outer doors, which always stood open because the springs proved worthless. Nor was he on the grounds at the time of the Inaugural, March 17, 1869. Yet these incidents became as real to him as if he had lived through them himself. He was, however, a member of the famous baseball team that played Boone, Nevada, and other towns; the team that with Tom Thompson as captain, Cessna at third base, and Stanton as short stop, won the right to the name of "The Champions." He was one of those who as the institution grew withdrew from the Philomathean Literary Society and helped organize the Crescent Society for men only. He took part in debating but was especially interested in oratory and declamation. Those were the days when he and John Stevens, J. K. Macomber, S. H. Dickey, Millikan Stalker and Dr. Cessna crossed words on questions of the day. "In those early days we

students were all Philomatheans," he wrote. "We met in the old college chapel and conducted our exercises. We read our essays, delivered our orations, warmed ourselves up in debate and ended the evening with a business session remarkable mainly for the number of points of order raised and the unimportant character of the business transacted."

To Mr. Dietz went the honor of being the first student to arrive upon the campus; to Mr. Stanton went the honor of receiving the first degree ever issued by the institution. On graduation day, Dr. Welch intended to present to each student individually his diploma, from memory calling him by name. As he looked at the twenty-six before him and the names slipped, his eyes rested for a moment upon Mr. Stanton and he called his name first.

Of W. C. Hayward, a classmate, Mr. Stanton once wrote, "There comes before me the picture of the years when as college chums we were inseparable,—we studied together, worked in the same office, occupied the same room in the old Main through the long winter vacations, walked, talked, planned for the future; knew each other as an open book, and grew to be friends, not for an hour or a year, but for life." It was thus in the intimate relations of the class room, the hours of compulsory work, the hours of recitation and social life, the Sundays with Bible class at nine, singing at eleven, compulsory services under Dr. Welch's direction at three and prayer meeting at seven, that were formed the threads of associations which bound together the members of the class of '72 into that loyal band who returned year after year and who could make more noise than any senior class as they gave their yell composed on the spur of the moment, sometime during the nineties, by Mrs. Ida Smith Noyes of '74, wife of Laverne W. Noyes of '72.

"Hip Rah! Rip Rah!
Who are we?
First and best of I. S. C.
Who? Who?
Seventy-two."

TEACHER

FROM the beginning of his official connection with the college, Mr. Stanton's work is divided into that of teacher and of administrator. On the day of his graduation, November 12, 1872, he was elected an instructor in mathematics and English composition; in November, 1874 he was made Assistant Professor of Mathematics, under the direction of the Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering but having complete charge of the department of mathematics; on November 14, 1877, he was advanced to Professor of Mathematics and twelve days later, was chosen Professor of Political Economy in addition to that of mathematics. The Professorship of Mathematics he held for the remainder of his life and that of Political Economy until May, 1906. On November 16, 1874, he was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees, a position held until the abolishment of the Board and the establishment of the State Board of Education in January, 1909 when he was made Secretary of the College. In September, 1903, Dr. Storms placed him as the first Dean of the Junior College. In July, 1913, he was made Vice President. Four times he served officially as Acting-President: from November, 1890 to February, 1891, during the interim between the presidencies of Dr. Chamberlain and Dr. Beardshear; from August, 1902, upon the death of Dr. Beardshear, until September, 1903, the beginning of the presidency of Dr. Storms; during 1910, 1911, and 1912 between the presidencies of Dr. Storms and Dr. Pearson; and from April, 1917 through November, 1918 during the World War. At the time of his death he was Professor of Mathematics, Vice President and Secretary of the College, and Dean of the Junior College.

Mr. Stanton's contact with the students came through his positions either as teacher or as Dean of the Junior College, or in his capacity as Acting-President. "In my view," he wrote, "the student is about all of our college life. Faculty, buildings, courses of study, laboratories, equipment, the college as a whole, exist that his best interests may be advanced. Our most urgent problems center about him. They relate to his welfare and their truest solution can be

reached only when we make all our efforts bend to the one grand purpose of helping him into a manhood which, physically, intellectually, and morally is of genuine strength and worth."

When he began his teaching in the spring of 1873 [the college year began then in the spring and ended in the fall and the long vacations were in the winter], there were only 17 on the college faculty; in 1920, the last year of his service, there were 455. In 1873, there were 263 students; in 1920, 4859. In the early days we find him teaching a variety of subjects: algebra, geometry, trigonometry, analytic geometry, differential and integral calculus, drawing and mechanics, and until 1892 he carried a course in commercial law. In political economy he had classes in the principles of economics, history of economics, and principles of socialism. For a number of years at the demand of the students he taught a special class in economics, which for lack of a better hour came at seven o'clock in the morning. In 1891, when the students of the college numbered 425, an instructor in mathematics was added; in June, 1920, there were fourteen full time and two half time teachers in mathematics. In 1902, Dr. Benjamin F. Hibbard came to the college as instructor in political economy and in 1906 was placed in charge of the department; in June, 1920, there were 7 full time teachers in the Economics department. Mr. Stanton taught his last class in political economy in 1902, and in mathematics in 1910, after which his full attention was given to administrative duties.

It was a peculiar variety of courses that Mr. Stanton was given in those early days when teachers in our colleges dealt with more than one field. He realized the value of each, and to him they held something of the same importance in a technical school. "In the school of technology," he wrote, "the mathematical work is subject to the severe and constant test of its use in the applied sciences; this constant application reacts to awaken interest, stimulate investigation, vitalize the work of the recitation room, and to give serious meaning to what the student might otherwise regard as purposeless drudgery. The knowledge which mathematics conveys is to find concrete expression in engineering structures, in dynamos and motors, systems of

water supply, electric railways and vast systems of transportation, while in other lines of applied science mathematics is the indispensable instrument of advanced study and research." While the principles of economics, as he saw them, were as true and fundamental as the principles of mathematics, they met with the same tests, but not until the student had reached the school of life. "Many an engineering or agricultural project developed along thoroughly mathematical or scientific lines is a failure because the project is not economically sound." The student thus was soon made to feel how vitally alive were the studies which he taught.

Mr. Stanton made thorough preparation for every recitation. He had a keen, penetrating mind which enabled him to make an exact and impartial analysis of facts; he could strip the question at issue of all that might be superfluous and then having accurately classified the things which were basic he could reverse the process and proceed with the constructive side. He wished the student to become master of this same power. To this end he taught the student that the essentials of the ideal explanation of an algebraic example were that, "1. It should be directed to the exposition of principles. 2. It should make use of only such portion of the algebraic work upon the board as is necessary to the realization of this purpose. All minor matters of detail should be omitted. 3. Its English should be clear and strong. Every point should be concisely yet fully stated." Mr. Stanton was author of a text in Algebra used for twenty years in the review classes and preparatory work.

His high standard of individual recitation work as he expressed it was based upon the belief that, "The teacher must endeavor to lead the student to a mastery of principles, skill in the handling of equations and finally up to that plane where he will be an enthusiastic, independent, successful worker in the higher mathematical fields. To even approximate his ideal, will require of the instructor tenacity of purpose, infinite patience, care, energy, courage, unselfishness, and devotion to the interests of his students."

Every student in the class room was a separate personality to Mr. Stanton and the development of character and good citizenship in

each student his highest ideal as a teacher. "The ultimate goal," he held, "of all education is the making of men and women of such intellectual fiber and moral worth as shall prepare them in training and purpose to perform aright all the duties that go with citizenship in a free industrial republic."

Again he wrote, "There are many judgment days; this institution will come to its judgment day in each of your lives. This faculty, these associates of yours, these activities in which you and other students engage, this atmosphere which as members of this college community you and I help to create shall stand some day before the bar of your maturer judgment. That man or woman, in faculty or outside, who has helped you into a larger life intellectually, who has stayed your hands in the hour of discouragement, who has given you vision of the high and holy things that, wrought into character, make for eternal life, and who perhaps has even helped to lead you into the service of the Master, you will esteem, revere, love. Such of the college activities as have strengthened and developed your physical manhood or womanhood, at the same time that they have brought out the best that is in you in intellect and heart, you will commend and write clear and strong, with generous approval, into the tablets of your memory; and if this college environment, this college atmosphere shall have filled the deeper currents of your life with holy purpose and given you strength for its accomplishment, this campus shall be to you forever a sacred spot."

A student was never in his class without feeling his high ideals; he was peculiarly able to illustrate a point in mathematics with facts that had an ethical bearing. The students knew that Mr. Stanton was reaching the essentials of life, and that the illustrations might have a moral uplife. "This old world of ours," he said, "is so full of the mighty majestic truths of the Creator. They are everywhere, written in the rocks, in the soil of our fields, in the clouds and the sky, in the on-going of our civilization, and, above all, in the hearts of men. Now and then we come up against one of these truths in a way that makes it ours for all time." He knew these truths; he recognized when they were met even in the demonstra-

tion of a somewhat dry mathematical problem. The students knew that they would never have a sermon in the classroom; they expected every hour enlivened with peculiarly vivid illustrations.

The educational psychologist emphasizes interest. One remarkable point in Mr. Stanton's teaching was his ability to develop eager enthusiasm in his classes, but this was never done at the expense of hard work. He knew with a sort of psychological second sense if a single student was not following and would go back to bring that individual up to the "firing line." He said, "It requires on the part of the teacher a high quality of good judgment to tell when and how and to what extent to help a student. Ill-judged help brings weakness; wisely administered help results like the doctor's tonic in added strength and vigor. It is exercise, in this case, mental exercise, however, that counts; not that of the bleacher kind that looks on while a classmate does the brain work or a teacher solves the problems. The grandest help to the student is that which leads him to help himself, which stirs his mind to action, makes him self-reliant and leads him into the joy of independent and masterful thinking. The majority of the class should look upward not downward. It is the warm sunshine of earnest endeavor which gives the best conditions for growth. I believe most heartily in keeping the class under high pressure. Like intensive farming it is the most profitable."

Those who are not teaching often question how a man can devote his life to the teaching field. In his own words Mr. Stanton tells us: "It is one of the blessed compensations which come to the true teacher, who, at the sacrifice of life's energies, has led the sometimes unwilling feet of youth up the toilsome path to the victory crowned summit, that the appreciation of the worth of that leadership by those that follow will deepen with the years. Nor do teachers readily put out of their lives their former pupils. It is said that we come to hate those we injure and love those we help. The last half of the saying is certainly true. The ideal instructor teaches with heart as well as mind. He puts his soul into his work. He lives close to the needs of his pupils. He feels the sting of their

defeat and the joy of their victory. He gives them place among the things that he loves, and in touch with the vigor and sunshine and springlike growth of their young lives, he renews his own youth and with braver heart and firmer resolution himself graduates into the possibilities of more efficient service."

The students of later years knew him as the Dean of the Junior College. The personal contact with students which came for years through the class-room was simply transferred. The office created placed under his direction the classification of all of the freshmen and sophomores regardless of the course of study which they might choose; it placed them under his supervision while they were laying the common foundations of each course ready for specialization during the junior and senior years when they were under the direct advice of the Dean of the special division.

The office involved the whole question of classification of these students, which in turn hinged upon the question of admission standards to the institution. For years Mr. Stanton was a member of the intercollegiate committee that formulated the entrance requirements of the colleges of the state. "We have here at Ames," he wrote, "a plan peculiarly our own. It has the same purpose, however, as the others. It seeks to insure to the student a chance to do thorough work by starting him at a point where he can handle himself to advantage. It admits a graduate of an accredited high school without examination. It aims to determine at an early date by means of review classes of varying lengths of time the adequacy of his preparation and then to make such assignments as he can reasonably hope to carry with success. I am firm in the conviction that it is the fairest and most efficient plan of all those suggested. It does away with the harshness and possible injustice of the entrance examination, yet it saves in large measure, the waste of time and the certain failure that would result from his going forward with insufficient preparation."

The office of Dean was never an administrative one in the sense of a means to accomplish certain details; it dealt with the human individual problem through and through. The student with a prob-

lem either of insufficient preparation or of undetermined purpose in life received always the most careful personal attention. Classification meant facing the student right for the entire term, possibly for life, and it, therefore, deserved the deepest consideration.

The Dean's office kept careful watch of the term's work for each student. If a student were delinquent in any studies and the case was serious enough, Dean Stanton held personal consultation with him and if necessary with the parents. If the student was doing especially noteworthy work, he was as likely to receive a summons and a word of praise. All alike came to know Dean Stanton's ideal student: the clean, wholesome, honest youth who with genuine depth of purpose became right spirited toward his work, and who, with a heart full of longing for a higher intellectual and moral life, became self-reliant through a thorough mastery of his chosen field.

He wanted the student to keep ready for the "firing line." "In student life," he wrote, "one has but to yield a little and the forces that pull downward gain in strength, and exultant over one victory are eager for the second attack. I have met young men in my office—happily only a few—who have told me the sad story of the increasing power of temptation and the lessening power of resistance, until they have been forced to admit that instead of conquerors they are conquered. There is but one point of supreme advantage, and that is where you are masters of yourselves, masters of your work. The price of such a victory is eternal vigilance. If we are not up on the fighting line let us move up to the front." And again he said in an address to freshmen, "We do that which we want to do rather than that which we ought to do. We make out, for instance, a schedule of work. We dislike some of the studies on the schedule so we neglect them and put the accent upon the others, and the world goes wrong with us. We subdue ourselves, put ourselves in the right attitude toward our work as a whole, and the Registrar stamps O. K. on our standing sheet. There is the conquering of self, the lining up to the demands of duty, and there is the opportunity of learning the how and winning the victory. Because the road is sometimes difficult and progress slow, there is no reason for discouragement in lines of human effort."

Many a student who entered his office, when he turned upon him with that disarming smile which put him at his ease, and the greeting "Now tell me the whole story" which tended toward frankness, knew that he had in Dean Stanton a friend who would give him a square deal. Every case was a special case and at the same time a precedent; in his ideal of absolute fairness, the decision must stand not just for the one perhaps to be reversed for the next, but what must be decided for the one must hold for the dozen to follow. Dean Stanton believed in the value of a vacation for some, and that the taxpayer's money should not be wasted upon others. There were many students set right in his office without drastic action; there were many who as a last resort were sent home. Some of these very students who were sent home have since become the most loyal supporters of the college, honoring the institution for not tolerating them in their attitude and crediting it with their ultimate success in life. One student whom he could not influence was given a vacation from which he returned to graduate as an A. No. 1 student; another upon whom he apparently could make no impression, some ten years later had a change of heart, confessed in a letter and sent money to make good the things he had stolen while in college.

Students came with problems of every kind: some were rooming problems; some resulted from being unwilling "to let the grass grow between Ames and Boone"; others were family troubles; still others were financial. He listened and helped within his power, and if the case were financial and urgent and the student worthy he gave him personal aid, and so good was his judgment of character that never once did he lose. He considered loaning to worthy students a safe investment.

So personal was every case that came under his consideration that he was never willing to send out stereotyped letters; no two students received the same letter; each had its characteristic ring: "I beg your attention for a moment. The reports of your instructors show that you are not passing all of the subjects on your schedule. There is yet time in all probability to make good on these deficiencies. If within the reach of possibility, you should put your lowest grade so

far above the passing mark as to make it easy to see daylight between them. No standing should be allowed to remain near the danger line. Especially should you see to it that the ten hours rule does not affect you. If there is any doubt about it, remove that doubt now. The right use of time and energy can make what seems impossible possible. Make sure of a good record, and the term will end satisfactorily to you and everybody here, and all will be happy." If the questions that arose were of general nature, he consulted with the best students, but they knew that he would face the responsibility of sorting that material and putting it into place so that he himself could be held in the decision to the strictest account. "The forces that beat against a man," he said, "are in a sense outside of him. They do not make the final decision. That is rendered by the man himself in the God given freedom of that inner sanctuary to which no outside party is admitted." The blame for what was done never was put by him upon the shoulders of others.

Dean Stanton was unalterably opposed to hazing. "It was as lonely a boy as this world ever saw who rode over those hills to his first semester's work away from home," he wrote. "That day stamped itself in memory, but on the same tablet were written the names of those generous hearted boys whose warm hand clasp and genuine human interest put even homesickness to flight." To him hazing was cowardly; the few attacked by the many were always at a serious disadvantage. And he knew personally of cases of life-long injuries and even death resulting from hazing; it was to him that the parents of boys who were hazed came. He felt his personal responsibility to know that the boy who came to Ames should be free from such unfair treatment. He was opposed to freshman caps only because he feared they might lead to cases of hazing; the class-scrap, he did not oppose, if it was handled under the strict rules of sportsmanship. "Good-fellowship is one of the cherished ideals of I. S. C."

He was as unalterably opposed to the student smoking. He knew that the cigarette often became the master of the student and defeated him in his attempt to gain a mastery over himself. It was

not logical that while a student wished to gain control over his muscles for an athletic event he should be prohibited the right to smoke, and as soon as he turned to the hard mental task of completing a semester of work at the end of the football season, he should see no harm in it.

For a number of years Mr. Stanton was Chairman of the Fraternity Committee. He was a supporter of fraternities because they as organized groups, bound together by high ideals, could be appealed to by the college authorities for support in the highest undertakings.

He was a believer in a good social time in college life, but he believed in a regulated social time. The week nights were sacred to study. He did not believe in studying on Sunday, but he often said that it was a greater sin to come to class on Monday with unprepared lessons. If the students could hold a high standard of class-room work, many of the minor details of college life would be settled satisfactorily. Work first and then plenty of good wholesome play was a motto he applied religiously to his own life. Coeducation was not to be feared if the spirit which should pervade the college could be kept right. It dignified student life that each individual student had the power to add in material degree to the building up of a spirit which should be the safe guard of all that was best in institutional life.

All student activities had his loyal support. Many letters from alumni show how much it had meant to them as students to have him always present when the debate or the oratorical contest was on, or when the stock judging team returned year after year from its victories. "Stantie" as he was familiarly known by the students, was there for the "Pep" meetings and a regular attendant at the track meets, the baseball games, the tennis matches and the football games. "Carry the colors to victory this afternoon and tomorrow, and as a college let us see to it that no stain rests on the victorious colors." Many a team he followed on its trip to Iowa City, Des Moines, Lincoln, or Omaha. The technique of baseball and tennis he knew from experience on the field or the court; the other events he followed with as keen an interest. He represented the college

in the Missouri Valley Athletic Conference and for some time was Secretary of the Conference.

He believed in the daily and the Sunday chapel as a college institution; he often spoke before the meetings of the Christian associations; for years he taught a student Bible class. In fact there is scarcely a student activity with which he was not in close touch and sympathy.

Mr. Stanton worked out carefully the principles for the management of the Gurdon Wattles Student Loan Fund which was placed in his care. In answer to a letter of inquiry from another institution, he summarizes the rules governing it. "The rules take the fact that it is a limited sum into account. Here are some of the chief points in my management of it:

"1. I loan only to junior and senior men. In this way I come to know well the men who want loans, then, too, the loans are for a shorter time than they would be if freshmen and sophomores were allowed to borrow from the fund.

"2. Scholarship, general reputation and habits that touch upon moral fibre, and the student's expense account are carefully considered.

"3. As far as I can I try to find out whether the applicant has a sense of financial responsibility. Many young men are good as the world goes, but have no idea of putting themselves to much inconvenience in paying their debts. I rule out smokers, and all those having extravagant tendencies which show they are not given to economy. I reserve the fund almost entirely for young men who cannot borrow elsewhere. I find on the whole that this class is reliable, and if I am careful, the simple personal security is as good as a mortgage on property. The essential thing is to get hold of an honest fellow and then not weaken his resolution by looking to another source than pure honesty for payment of the loan.

"4. The notes bear 5% interest while the student is in college, 6% from that time until the note is due, and 8% on deferred payments. The notes are made payable as soon after graduation as it seems reasonable to expect that the student can earn money and make

payment. Sometimes several notes are given, and made payable at different times. The total amount loaned to each student does not, in general, exceed \$250, and it is considered that a year after graduation is a safe time in which to close the matter out entirely.

"5. If the notes are not paid, I investigate the case carefully and in most worthy cases give an extension of time, but where I find that the parties are able to pay, and are selfishly delaying payment, I keep eternally after them.

"There is no idea of charity in the fund. Experience has taught me that loans on such a basis are, in the long run, of no real help to the borrower."

In 1915, Mr. Stanton together with General James Rush Lincoln, Herman Knapp, A. A. Bennett, and L. H. Pammel received a certificate for twenty-five or more years of service to the institution. At that time he responded in part with these words of faith: "This college has a past which does it credit. It comes back to some of us to-day freighted with hallowed memories of men and women, unselfish, far-sighted, devoted men and women who gave their lives that this institution might become the college of to-day. To us that past is peopled too with the bright and joyous faces of a vast host of boys and girls who made ready within these college walls for the splendid service they have since rendered to state and nation. Pile the wealth of this world mountain high and how little it can count compared with the privilege of living for a quarter of a century in touch with the ambitious young life of the college, enjoying its friendships, thrilling with pride at the achievements of its students, and each day coming into a fuller appreciation of the service this institution is capable of rendering to the State. Out of that past I say has come the college of to-day, throbbing with a new energy born of the encouragement of a growth in these later years that knows no parallel. I find it difficult to make myself believe that all I see around me on this campus has grown up under my very eyes. But glorious as has been that past, as lovingly as it rests upon the thought of us veterans here this morning, we turn with you to the future, greeting it with a glad heart and a hopeful courage. How

rich in promise it is. No fairer land was ever warmed into abundant life by the rays of a May sun than this beautiful state of Iowa. It is great to-day; it is to be greater to-morrow. A multitude of forces are uniting to give it development. As it comes into its own, so shall this college come into its own. Iowa is to build into the greater through the building of its industries and by a people of intellectual and moral fiber, and if this institution is true to its trust, it shall stand in the midst of that builded state as one of the chief agencies in its making and one of the favored legatees of its enlarged industrial life. This college shall serve the people in the lowliest fields of labor; it shall be the leader in the higher realms of industrial progress. It shall be genuine through and through. The vision is the same to-day as when this college was first dedicated to its useful mission. It is wrought out in the same God fearing spirit. 'God give us'—as said its first president at the close of his Inaugural Address, 'faithfulness and devotion. God give us mutual confidence and mutual helpfulness. Thus shall we be able to garner and consecrate all the elements of strength of this beloved college, and thus with the great Father's blessing will the rolling years bring them full harvest of fruits.'"

Mr. Stanton was beloved by the alumni. There are reasons for this. A classmate, Mrs. Macomber, after speaking of his loyalty to his friends and the institution, said of him, "Presidents have come and gone in the half century of life of the college, but he has been here always, constant, devoted, ever working for the college. It is no wonder that he stood out, that he was first to be remembered by students who had gone away from the campus, for he exemplified the spirit of the institution. In far away Tibet, I came upon an alumnus whose first word after greetings were over, was about Mr. Stanton. In Mukden, in Europe, in far away sections of our country, wherever alumni met alumni, they talked first of this great man."

With a constructive sympathy such as was meant by the old Greek word *sympatheia*, Mr. Stanton followed the alumni into the world. If he heard of births, marriages, deaths, or special successes

attained by any member of the alumni, a letter or a telegram followed even though the news had reached him very indirectly. From coast to coast he was called to attend special alumni meetings as the guest of honor. In 1904, he was made the Honorary President of the Alumni Association for life. As early as 1886, the minutes of the Board of Trustees contain the record that the alumni desired him as their candidate for the presidency of the college. By 1902, he seemed to them the one logical man for the position. He was himself never a candidate for any office nor did he ever lead any faction in the institution. Through all of the political exigencies of the institution he never harbored personal grudges. Anything that injured himself, he got over quickly; but any injury to the institution, he could never forget.

The organization of the alumni bureau was heartily endorsed by him; he believed in all county or city organizations which would strengthen the alumni in their aid of the college. Mr. Stanton personally conducted the campaign for funds for the Alumni Building. He always looked after the entire management of the building. To all such enterprises, he gave liberal financial aid.

During the war when the influenza epidemic attacked the student body, and the doctors told him that no nurses could be obtained, he called alumni over the phone in all parts of the state, and the next day there were over fifty nurses ready for duty.

The approval of the alumni in any action taken by the institution meant more to him than the approval of any other body. To one of the alumni he wrote, "It is after all the love of friends that makes life worth the living, and I am very grateful that the good Father has given me so many." During his last illness while in New York, when he thought his son, Dr. E. MacDonald Stanton, would not consent to his returning to the semi-centennial celebration in 1920, he dictated the following message to the alumni: "It is not granted unto me to be with you at this semi-centennial celebration of the college. I want, however, to give you a greeting and a challenge. You live in a world of limitless opportunities. May the good Father so direct you that each golden hour may be full of the

joy of living. Live for that which is true and worth while. Love God and love his children. Be kind to the needy and the sick. In each human life there is a touch of the Divine. Help to give it strength. Love the dear old College. It has a high and holy mission. Help it into a maximum of usefulness. Upon it and upon each one of you may there rest now and evermore the benediction of Almighty God."

It was, nevertheless, granted to him to be present at the semi-centennial celebration though he was too ill to attend many of the meetings. He attended the '84 dinner given by Cuthbert Vincent where he was guest of honor; he gave a talk followed by a hearty hand shake and a genial greeting to each. Mr. Vincent presented him with a bouquet of roses closing his eloquent words of love, honor, and esteem with, "though these roses may fade and wither, our memory of you and your work for us will ever remain fresh and fragrant." A special certificate was granted in the name of the college in recognition of his fifty years of service at Ames. He received a great ovation when he appeared on the stage to receive it in his last public appearance, and showed his appreciation in that great smile so familiar to thousands of Ames men and women.

ADMINISTRATOR

BY March 7, 1870, two days after he arrived upon the campus, Mr. Stanton was hard at work in the Cashier's office, and by April 7, he had put in ninety-nine hours of "Labor" under the efficient direction of Professor Jones. While instructor in mathematics, after his graduation, he continued work in the Cashier's office. In November 1874, when Professor Jones left to enter a little later into his years of service as head of the department of mathematics at Cornell University, Mr. Stanton was made Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

As Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Stanton kept an account with the Treasurer of the college, charging him with all money paid to him from whatever source and crediting him with the amount paid out by him upon the order of the Board of Audit. As a joint member of the Board of Audit with the President of the college, it

was his duty to examine all bills presented for payment and if found valid, properly payable from its funds, and in accordance with and not in excess of the appropriations made by the Board of Trustees, they were ordered paid by the Treasurer. It was his duty also as a member of the Board of Audit to thoroughly examine the books of the Treasurer once a month, the books of the one office checking those of the other. He early formulated the Rules for Auditing as now used by the college.

As Secretary of the Board of Trustees, he kept in his office a complete list of all the land owned by the college. The Land Agent and later the Financial Agent in charge of the 204,000 acres of land or its proceeds granted to the college by Congress in 1862, were required to account for all this land to him, and he in turn gave account to the State Treasurer. He was thus enabled from the accounts kept in his office to give the Board of Trustees, at any time, full information regarding the condition of the endowment fund, while his books constituted a check upon the accuracy of the accounts of the different officers dealing with the fund.

With his hands so close to the pulse beat of every financial transaction, much of the book-keeping system established at the college is the result of his experiences. He started many things which with the growth of the institution passed on into the hands of others for fulfillment, as for example he was first Chairman of the Purchasing Committee. When one of these offices passed on to another, the Board suggested that the new man visit other institutions before settling down to his work at Ames. Mr. Stanton's only comment to him was: "You had better think out the best thing to do and do it your own way so that it will meet the needs of our institution." Many times after visiting other institutions Dr. Stanton's comment would be, "We better do it after all the Ames way."

Ex-Governor Gue, who himself was so intimately connected with the early financial history of the college, says in his *History of the State of Iowa* published in 1903: "For over thirty years Professor Stanton has been intimately associated with the financial and general business management of the college with its large endowment arising

from the Government Land Grant, and it may be truly said that to his fidelity, unusual business capacity and intimate knowledge of the aims of the college, the institution is more largely indebted for its remarkable development than to any man now living."

It will be readily seen from the above statement of duties that Mr. Stanton from the very early days was familiar with every financial transaction of the institution. He knew the details of the management of the farm, the engineering projects, the ideals and growth of every department, made all contracts, and was fully in touch with all of the funds of the institution. When the statement was often made that "The college could run itself," he knew something of the faithful labor necessary upon the part of some to keep the machinery of the institution in proper running order. He knew too that every day would bring its new problems and that the settling of many of these meant the shaping of the ideals of the college.

In the early seventies, the defalcation of the State Treasurer, at whose trial he gave lengthy testimony and which unfortunately involved the members of the Board of Trustees finally leading to their discharge, taught Mr. Stanton a lesson which he never forgot. The fact basic in English Common Law that things which could not be done directly could not be done indirectly was thenceforth made a working principle with him. He would summarize a situation, strip it of the scaffolding and make a clean cut statement of the essentials of a proposition which struck home to the members of the Board. It mattered not when or by whom he was asked regarding certain question; his remarkable memory enabled him to marshal the facts, and the answer to the question was sure to be always the same. He always kept in mind the clear distinction between the support fund allowed by the Morrill Act, which forbade its use for building or maintenance of building purposes, and the building funds allowed by the state. It was not until about 1900 that the state also allowed the college funds for support.

For years the annual Board meeting followed the commencement exercises, and when other men, out from the duties of a term and the strenuous days incident upon graduation, started on their vacation, he

turned to the strain of a three day session of the Board. Such periods as well as those when the biennial reports were written meant eighteen hours of work a day for days. Mr. Stanton had enormous working power.

As Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Stanton transmitted his first biennial report to the legislature in 1875; it was the sixth biennial report of the college; the last transmitted by him was in 1909, the twenty-third report of the institution. During this time Mr. Stanton became expert in the preparation of the bills affecting the college which were to come before the legislature. Legislators knew that he could be thoroughly trusted, and in crucial moments it was often due to his persuasive logic that the large appropriations were granted which have enabled the Iowa State College to become the pride of the state of Iowa. When the struggle was on for the funds with which to build the Central Building, which replaced the "Old Main", destroyed by fire, one of the legislative committee said, "Stanton, if you can show one good reason why the new building should have a dome and a beautiful front entrance, I will vote for it." Mr. Stanton replied, "When we meet in the morning, I will give you the reason." The next morning when the committee came to order, the chairman turned to Mr. Stanton and said, "Stanton, have you your reason?" "I have, Mr. Chairman," Mr. Stanton replied "If you do not do it, in five years, you will wish you had; in ten years, you will be sorry; in twenty years, it will be a shame; and in twenty-five years, it will be a burning shame." The chairman replied, "Stanton, you may have your bonnet." The committee was won over.

It can be truthfully said that he trained the incoming Boards as well as the incoming officers of the institution. Many times they did not agree with him and became greatly annoyed at his insistence on keeping the letter of the law, but invariably the Boards and even the outgoing Presidents of the College thanked him for his guidance. Dr. Stanton had the happy faculty of working with men, not under them nor over them. On June 20, 1909, the minutes of the Board of Trustees, as the last act of the Board, read: "At this the final meet-

ing of this Board of Trustees, we wish to express our appreciation of the faithfulness and efficiency of E. W. Stanton, Secretary. For over a third of a century he has served in this capacity with singular devotion to the welfare of the college and its manifold interests. His intimate knowledge of the organic laws of the institution, its traditions, and the scope of its work; his interpretation of the Acts of the Legislature from time to time, have been of inestimable value to the Board in the performance of its duty and it is our desire on this occasion to express our appreciation in this formal manner and to have this expression spread upon the minutes of the Board."

The resolutions adopted by the State Board of Education, November 4, 1920, in speaking of his work as Secretary say, "He was an excellent business man. In his capacity as Secretary of the College, he organized the institution on its financial side; and he did a well-nigh perfect piece of work."

As teacher and administrator, Mr. Stanton's point of view of the college was not one-sided; it was general and impartial. During the fifty years of his life at Ames there were many battles fought in the educational world. Science itself had to gain a foothold in institutions where the classical had always had full sway. Industrial science grew from infancy to its present position of trust, fighting each step as it advanced. He strenuously opposed all efforts, no matter what their source, which had for their object the reduction of the college to the position of a mere industrial or trade school. The Morrill Act endowed, "Colleges for the benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts." From the very first this was interpreted to embrace Agriculture, Engineering, Veterinary Science, Domestic Science, and the Sciences related to Industry. The laws both national and state provided for a broad and liberal education. In another part of the statute, it gave its own interpretation to this phase: "There shall be adopted and taught a broad, liberal and practical course of study in which the leading branches of learning shall relate to agriculture and the mechanic arts, and which shall also embrace such other branches of learning as will most practically and liberally educate the agricultural and industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of

life, including military tactics." Upon this interpretation was based his uncompromising stand for a broad education of both men and women having in mind always their future usefulness as citizens of their state and country. He was always found to be a staunch advocate of strong courses in English, literature, history, economics, and the modern languages.

He was especially insistent upon an independent division for Industrial Science with its own degree as now found. Only by such a strong scientific basis could the institution serve the different industrial interests of the state. Botany, zoology, chemistry, physics, and mathematics should have at the head of each a scientist guarding the scientific standards of his field. Under him should be specialists subservient, it is true, to two masters—the scientific and the practical—but never carrying into the practical, methods that were unscientific. Thus he stood for strong central scientific departments, but within each, specialists to be directed by the technical departments whether Agricultural, Engineering, Home Economics, or Veterinary Medicine. "The scientist," he wrote, "should be broad enough to appreciate the element of legitimacy in the demands of the technical teachers and students, but should command for science itself, irrespective of its particular applications, the respect which is its due."

Mr. Stanton stood for a five-fold development. He conceived the college to be composed of the present five equal divisions of Agriculture, Engineering, Veterinary Science, Domestic Science and Industrial Sciences. He also stood for the present administrative organization of each of the divisions with its own Dean directly responsible to the President.

It is difficult to realize what it meant either to him or to the institution, to be so intimately connected with its history. Mr. Stanton's close connection with the students and their lives; his official capacities in relation with the faculty of which he was the senior member for so many years; his intimate connection with the Board of Trustees; his position as Secretary of the college with the Board of Education; the trust placed in him by legislators and governors to whom he could truthfully say, "I know no politics but the needs of

the institution;" the years of devoted service during which he always fought for the institution, but never for himself; all of these make the college peculiarly a monument to his efforts, for in the shaping of its every ideal through the first fifty years of its history he had his share, and it was no little share.

And through it all his modesty must be known, for otherwise his connection with the institution cannot be appreciated—that modesty which allowed him to put most of his business ability into the institution, and with it many, many times, the last bit of working energy that was in him, until in later years, it came to be a question whether he should put more into the institution and live a shorter life, or retire, as his family and many friends wished him to do. Then came the World War, and the decision was made for him. He made the supreme sacrifice of his life for the institution by remaining at his post of duty.

PRIVATE LIFE

ALTHOUGH his collegiate activities were always closest to his heart, Mr. Stanton did not neglect outside interests. He was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Iowa Academy of Sciences, American Mathematical Society, the Mathematical Association of America, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Central Association of Science and Mathematics Teachers, the American Economic Association, the National Educational Association, and the State Historical Society of Iowa, of which he was curator. He was a member of the honorary fraternities of Phi Kappa Phi and Tau Beta Pi.

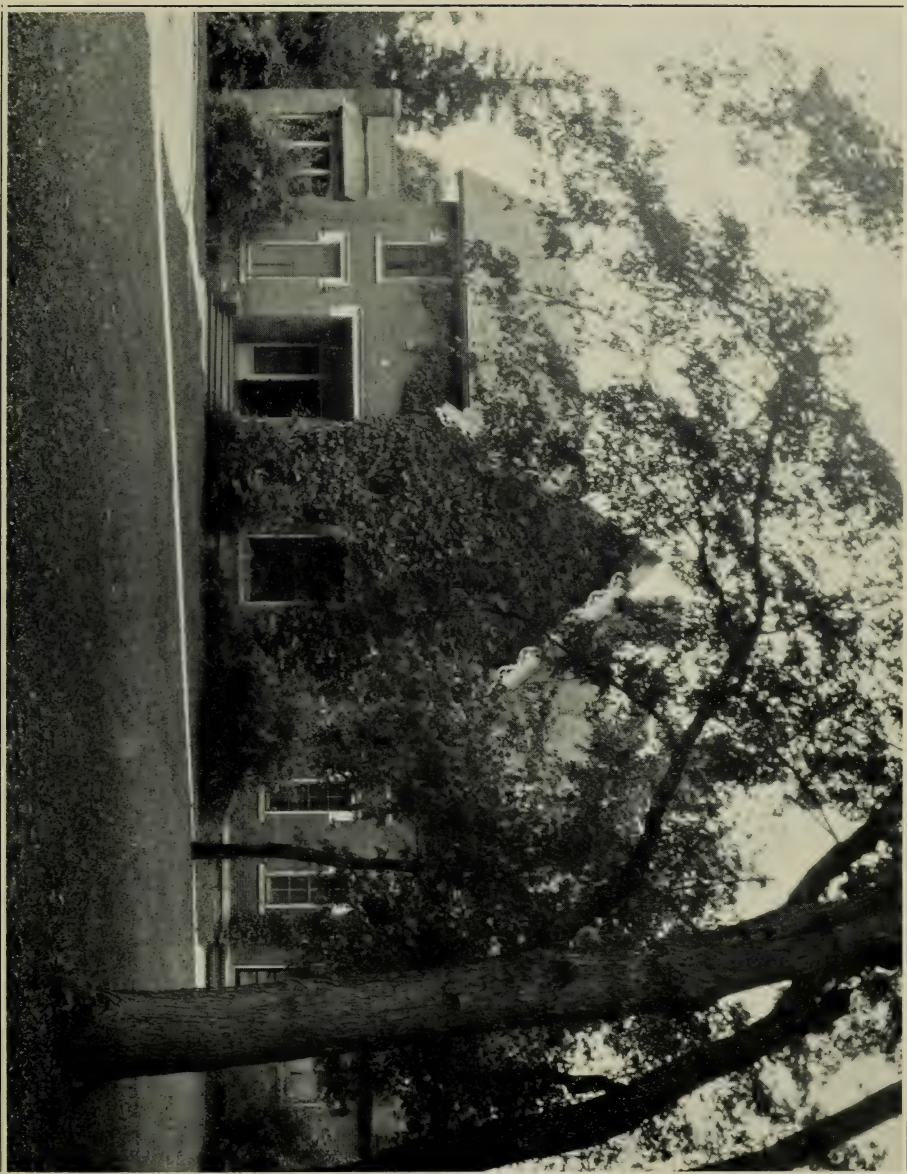
In the town of Ames, he championed the things which would make a wholesome environment for the young people. He was one of the first to come forward with financial aid if civic improvements were needed. He was at one time a member of the Common Council and always took an active interest in the public school, the city library, the Social Service League and the Red Cross activities.

Although the accumulation of wealth to him was secondary in importance, Mr. Stanton, dependent upon himself financially, early be-

gan to save. With his first savings he bought land; later he chose to invest his savings in young enterprises which he could watch personally and look for results from the long run point of view. Such a policy brought him financial success. For years he was vice president and director of the Union National Bank of Ames and for 22 continuous years was a director of the Valley National and the Valley Savings Banks of Des Moines, Iowa. As early as 1878 he was offered a banking position which paid more than his college salary and in the nineties was tendered the presidency of the Valley National Bank. Such recognition of his business ability as well as offers which came from time to time in recognition of his collegiate work, although more remunerative, were not favorably considered because of his growing love and interest in the future of the Iowa State College.

He was a member of the Congregational church but a supporter of all churches, giving his share to the building of each church erected in Ames. As men make intimate acquaintance with all truth slowly, so he knew that men come into the full knowledge of the Christian life slowly, and after gaining it, courage is required to hold fast to Christian principles. He lived in constant realization of the need of Christ's help. When the Kaiser made the bold statement that God was on their side at the time that the French and the English had their backs to the wall, after pacing the floor for awhile, he said, "Herman, God is not on the Kaiser's side. God is not on anybody's side in that way. He wants people to help themselves, the Bible so teaches us, and when we have helped ourselves, according to Christian principles, we are on God's great plane. If the United States and the Allies will build themselves up for the cause of humanity and liberty, and as God fearing people, they will put themselves on God's side, and God will be willing to welcome them." He was thus but applying to the nations his own personal religion.

It was around the family hearth that Mr. Stanton's kindliness found highest development and strongest expression. He was married February 22, 1877 to Margaret Price MacDonald, daughter of James MacDonald and Mary Grumman, pioneers whose ancestors had travelled the way from Scotland through New Jersey to Zanesville,



Ohio. James MacDonald was a real pioneer having made several trips during the fifties to California. In the sixties he brought his family to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, and there Margaret MacDonald graduated from the Seminary. She accepted in 1870 the position of preceptress and teacher of rhetoric and French at I. S. C.

The marriage came as a surprise to those living with them in the "Old Main". Mrs. Welch wrote in December, 1876, "Mr. Welch was brighter than I. He guessed at once who it was when Mr. Stanton told him he was thinking of being married this winter. I heard him tell him that if he had a wife to choose he should want to secure either Miss MacDonald or Mattie Locke. Before Mr. Stanton told Mr. Welch I said, 'Mr. Stanton, is Miss MacDonald going to be married this winter? Mr. Stalker told Miss Locke she was but I do not believe it.' Mr. Stanton replied so quickly, 'Mr. Stalker didn't say anything to me about it.' 'Well,' I replied, 'it must be to you or Mr. Lee or to Mr. Stalker himself. She will make someone a mighty good wife.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton continued to live in the Main Building until 1879 when they moved into "The Maples," which had been Mr. Stanton's home during his college days and which now became his home for the remainder of his life. Mrs. Stanton resigned her position as preceptress in December, 1878 to take effect the first of the following March. They had four children: Edwin MacDonald, who is a surgeon in Schenectady, New York; Roger Williams, who died in infancy; Margaret Beaumont, who married John Emmett Kirshman of Lincoln, Nebraska; and Edgar Williams, Jr., a civil engineer and rancher of Live Oak, California. Mrs. Stanton died July 25, 1895.

In November, 1895, the new women's building was named Margaret Hall for Mrs. Stanton. As soon as Mr. Stanton heard of the action, he wrote the Board the following letter offering to present to the college chimes in her memory if they would furnish the tower and a clock:

"To the Honorable Board of Trustees:

"I have been informed by your committee of the action of the Board in giving to the new women's building the name of Margaret Hall. I cannot put in words my deep appreciation of the honor you thus pay to the memory of Mrs. Stanton. Mrs. Stanton loved this institution. She loved not only these grounds, these walks, these buildings, but she loved the character making power which the college possesses. She especially appreciated the great work it has done for the young women of this state and there is no part of the noble purpose of this college with which she would have been more pleased to have her name associated than that which signifies the enrichment and ennoblement of the homes of the future.

"By your action you have made this building for me a sacred bit of property. Around it will naturally gather the most hallowed memories of my life. There is nothing which I can do to make it an attractive and beautiful home for the daughters of the State which I would not do. Since the suggestion that the friends of the college desired it named in memory of Mrs. Stanton was mentioned to me, there has grown up in my mind the desire to present to the building, if it were given her name, a chime of bells. I wish that I were able without injury to other interests to do this and bear myself all the expense connected therewith. There is, however, the question of a tower in which to place the bells and the purchase of a clock which generally goes with them. I am told that in other institutions, students quite generally listen to the ringing of the chimes and that the feet of the stranger or the alumnus revisiting his college home are always stayed while the chimes are sounding. I would have our college chimes such that they will turn the thought of student and teacher for the moment from daily cares to holier thinking and become and remain a continuously ennobling influence in college life. I am, therefore, compelled to ask that the college shall furnish the tower and purchase the clock.

"Again I thank you for the tribute you have paid to the memory of her who in the earlier years of this institution worked with others for its upbuilding. If I could go into the home that was and tell her

that this noble building had been given her name, I can imagine with what a pleasant smile of surprise, that anyone could have considered her work worthy of such honor, she would have said, 'I thank them.' For her and for myself I thank you.

"November 15, 1895.

E. W. STANTON."

The thought was to erect the tower in connection with the building which had just been named after her. Later in May, 1897, after Dr. Beardshear and Mr. Stanton had spent many hours of study, the present location was chosen. The chimes were obtained from John Taylor & Co., Loughborough, England. By a special act of Congress they were admitted free of duty.

He was married December 21, 1899 to Julia Ann, daughter of Peter Wentch and Barbara Reitter, pioneers in Tama County, Iowa. Mrs. Stanton had graduated from I. S. C. in 1888 and returned to teach in the mathematical department and to become his private secretary. They had one child, Barbara Stanton. Mrs. Stanton and the four children survive him. In his second marriage Mr. Stanton found the same strong helpful, unselfish companionship. She, too, was devoted to the institution.

Mr. Stanton was devoted to his home. Generous, kindly, loving, sympathetic, he gave much. The doctrine of personal responsibility was carried far. He was trustful because he had infinite faith in the nobler impulses. He gave his confidence to the family and in return expected each individual to confide in him. He was always ready to advise but never dictated. If the children wanted anything they learned to present the reasons for it and to talk the matter over. The human-heartedness which made him so genuinely interested in the success of others made the desire for his approval keen in the heart of each child.

His firm belief in education was exemplified in the encouragement which he gave to his children. His son Donald after taking his scientific degree at Ames graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania; his daughter Margaret took advanced degrees in history and economics at the University of Wisconsin and in home

economics at Columbia University; the son Edgar completed a year of graduate work in civil engineering at the University of Wisconsin. In 1908 he took into his home a niece, Mildred Potts, whom he also educated. Barbara was a senior in high school at the time of his death.

Even the common duties about the home were approached by him with enthusiasm. One rule was adamant: the family must have breakfast together. From the knock on the door with a remark about the duties of the day until they were gathered at the table there was no rest for the loiterer. He knew no lines between the work of a man or that of a woman if the work must be done. If there was no maid, he would help with the dusting, the bed-making or the dishes, singing as he worked, though he never could carry a tune. In the home there was this spirit of coöperation. At other times when crowded with work the family would assist him. On Sunday the day was not complete without a letter written to each of the absent children.

No hours stand brighter in the memory of the home circle than those when he read aloud. A lover of courage, many of the selections were accounts of heroic deeds. Pathos brought tears to his eyes as he read, though at the same time there might be a smile upon his face because of the heroism shown.

Mr. Stanton wanted everyone to enjoy his home and he felt free always to phone from the office that he was bringing someone to dinner. Before Mrs. Stanton could reach the kitchen he would be seen coming, perhaps with two or three men. It was on one of these occasions, a Monday when the larder was especially low, that the family was very much amused when he began Grace by saying, "Father, we thank Thee for the bounties which Thou hast provided."

Mr. Stanton was socially inclined. He always wanted to be in on the visits. The social life of the campus was a wholesome one; nowhere were more genuine friendships formed than among the faculty living there, and many evenings were spent together especially through the long vacations. He enjoyed duplicate whist, euchre, or five hundred. If the evening was spent in conversation, no one had a better

fund of stories or was better informed on the current topics of interest. Mr. Stanton had a keen sense of real humour which is the rarest of all senses. It was the sense of real humour, which is subjective and introspective as well as objective, and which has a philosophic sense which makes it possible to laugh at those one loves without loving them any the less. When he sat forward on the edge of the chair with a smile and chuckle, a good story was forthcoming which would well illustrate the point. As the smile and the chuckle grew, those listening were carried along until they all joined in the hearty laugh even before the end was reached.

A lover of the out-of-doors, Mr. Stanton enjoyed walks through the North Woods or over the beautiful campus. His early love for baseball later took the form of real enjoyment in a game of tennis. For years Knapp and Stanton had their daily game with Marston and Beyer. When tennis became too vigorous, the garden space was enlarged, and during the later years of his life he cultivated a couple of lots south of the campus, going to them for an hour or two before his office opened at eight. He was always ready for a trip into the country in the automobile and was disappointed if anything interfered in the summer with the Sunday night supper in the woods. His farms in Hancock County were too far away to reach often, but he followed the work there closely. He knew every detail of the running of his son's ranch in California, and when it became necessary because of his health to rest he spent several months there. In February, 1919 he wrote, "Our visit here has been a continuous delight. The ranch has hitherto revolved about Edgar III and it still so revolves. We do a few little things by ourselves on the edges but the center of gravity remains constant. The boy was trying just now to strike a bargain with me regarding Barbara. There is this especially fine point about the little lad. No matter how disputed questions are settled he ends the matter with a satisfied 'Oh,' which quiets himself and the rest of us. You should see me working on the ranch. It is lots of fun. I almost pity you people who work in doors while I am out in the sunshine and green fields with the live oaks and the singing birds."

Few were the vacations which he took. The executive work kept him at the college often for the entire year. He missed only four commencements, once when he was abroad, twice when in California and the June when Coe College conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. His travels consisted mostly of the many trips back to the Pennsylvania home in the early days or in later years to the ranch of his son Edgar in California or the home of Donald in Schenectady. He attended the twenty-fifth and the fiftieth anniversaries of the battle of Gettysburg, going by auto from Schenectady to the later reunion. One trip to California was made by auto. A few short vacations were spent fishing and swimming in Minnesota; one in Colorado and another in Arkansas. Several trips were made through the east studying at other universities; a few trips were made for the college interests; and some in response to invitations of alumni clubs. During the spring and summer of 1906 with Mrs. Stanton he took the Mediterranean trip, spending several weeks in Spain and Northern Africa and finally landing at Naples, from there touring through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and England, ending the six months tour by several weeks in Scotland.

The first and only family reunion was held on Mr. Stanton's last Christmas. Edgar suddenly decided to bring his family back and telegraphed Donald to come. With his children and the three grandchildren Donald Jr., Edgar III, and Jean Eleanor all there, Mr. Stanton's happiness seemed complete.

It was natural that in his will made in April, 1920 when he first realized the long pull that was before him to recuperate from the influenza, he should have included the college as of equal importance with the members of his family. The residue of the estate he gave to the college, leaving it in the hands of the family with five years in which to determine what form such a memorial should take.

Mr. Stanton died at Canandaigua, New York on September 12, 1920. Services were held on the lawn of the home he had so dearly loved, September 16. The day was perfect and the campus never lovelier. His body was laid to rest in the college cemetery, where

his many friends returning may bow their heads for a moment in remembrance of the man whose gentle wisdom, keen insight, and deep, broad, tender sympathies so influenced their lives. And as they bow, the college chime, his chimes, shall break the stillness with,

“Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.”

AFTERNOON SERVICE

SEPTEMBER 16, 1920

ON THE LAWN AT HIS HOME

ON THE CAMPUS

EDGAR W. STANTON
TEACHER, ADMINISTRATOR, FRIEND

AFTER fifty years of unselfish service to Iowa State College, Edgar W. Stanton, teacher and friend of thousands of Ames men and women, passed on early on the morning of September 12, at Canandaigua, N. Y. While his death was not unexpected to many alumni and friends, yet it came as a shock to hosts of friends throughout the state and nation.

Dr. Stanton was given a leave of absence last spring and went east to be under the care of his son, Dr. E. M. Stanton '98, of Schenectady, N. Y. He returned to the campus for the semi-centennial celebration, at which time he received a certificate of eminent service, signalizing the completion of a half century of service for Iowa State College. At that time, many alumni called at the Maples to see their old time teacher and friend. This little pilgrimage is now treasured among life's dearest memories.

Shortly after the commencement, Dr. Stanton, with his wife, returned to New York for further treatment. For awhile his condition was very serious; then he seemed to improve, and the day before his death, he was much more cheerful, spending the afternoon on the beautiful grounds surrounding the sanitarium.

The funeral services were held on the lawn September 16, in front of The Maples which had been his home for fifty years. Preceding the services, his body lay in state in Central from 10 o'clock A. M. to 2 o'clock P. M., where hundreds of friends passed by in silent reverence.

The setting for the services which were in charge of President Pearson was in perfect harmony with the life of him in whose honor they were held. Fully 1000 friends, including a few from other states, were present to pay their last tribute to the man whom they loved and revered.

Rev. H. K. Hawley of the Ames Congregational Church, of which Dr. Stanton was a member, gave the funeral address. He paid a beautiful tribute to Dr. Stanton's home life and his service to Iowa State College.

Mrs. Mattie (Locke) Macomber of Des Moines, a classmate of Professor Stanton's, spoke in behalf of the alumni. Mrs. Macomber's tribute was a touching one. She emphasized the consistency of Dr. Stanton's character—his loyalty to his friends and the institution which he served so faithfully for fifty years. "Presidents have come and gone in the half century of life of the college, but he has been here always, constant, devoted, ever working for the college," said Mrs. Macomber. "It is no wonder that he stood out, that he was first to be remembered by students who had gone away from the campus, for he exemplified the spirit of the institution. In far away Tibet, I came upon an alumnus whose first word after greetings were over, was about Mr. Stanton. In Mukden, in Europe, in far away sections of our country, where ever alumni met alumni, they talked first of this great man."

President D. D. Murphy of the State Board of Education, in his tribute referred to Dr. Stanton as the "best beloved," and stated that there was no one who would question Dr. Stanton's right to this distinction.

"Happy, is that institution to which so big a man will devote all his life. And happy is that man who can find his work in an institution which he so loves. Some men after a connection of fifty years with an institution like this would have arrogated to themselves a sense of proprietorship. This was not true of Dr. Stanton. In no way did he seek to exaggerate his importance. At no time did he lose his sense of proportion. He was easy to approach, but he stood firmly by his ideals.

"In education he followed no chimeras," he continued, and pointed out how when the war wave swept over the nation and many influences were clamoring for effort on the part of colleges which was not properly in their sphere, Dr. Stanton stood firmly for sound education, and refused to follow will 'o the wisps. He continued by

discussing Dr. Stanton's work as an administrator of public funds. "We came to rely on him implicitly in the financial affairs of the college," he said. "The legislature had every confidence in his reports." He recalled Dr. Stanton's refusal to use certain funds for purposes other than for which they were confided in his care. Pressure in the name of patriotism had been brought upon him. He refused, but at the same time, recognizing the need, pledged his personal credit to provide the money necessary.

President Pearson closed the addresses by reviewing the life and accomplishments of his colleague and co-laborer, emphasizing those characteristics in Dr. Stanton's life which had made him the "Grand Old Man of Iowa State College."

In the course of the services, Mrs. Ruth (Duncan) Tilden of Ames sang "Crossing the Bar;" Mrs. Fannie (Wilkins) Ryan of Des Moines, "The City Four Square;" and Professor Tolbert MacRae of the Music Department, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Preceding and following the services, the chimes were played, reminding everyone of Dr. Stanton's love for Iowa State.

The brief services at the grave were conducted by Dr. Hawley, and as the rays of the setting sun shot thru the trees in the little college cemetery, all that was mortal of Edgar W. Stanton, was laid to rest, among the kindred spirits of those with whom he had labored in the years gone by.

In charge of the arrangements for the funeral were General James Rush Lincoln as chief marshal with Lieutenant-Colonel P. M. Shaffer and Captain J. K. Boles of the college military staff as aides. The active pall-bearers were from Dr. Stanton's office associates and were: G. W. Snedecor, E. A. Pattengill, E. C. Kiefer, J. R. Sage, Ward M. Jones, E. M. Effler, G. P. Bowdish and Maurice R. Harrison. The honorary pall-bearers were: R. A. Crawford and C. J. Cole of the Valley National bank of Des Moines; Dr. D. S. Fairchild of Clinton, J. L. Stevens of Boone; J. B. Hungerford of Carroll; W. J. Dixon of Sac City; C. R. Brenton of Dallas Center; W. H. Gemmill of Des Moines; Daniel McCarthy of Ames; and Dean C. F. Curtiss, Dean Anson Marston and Dean S. W. Beyer of Iowa State College.

FUNERAL ADDRESS

By RAYMOND A. PEARSON, *President*
Iowa State College

ELEVEN years ago Dr. Stanton spoke at services like these on the grounds adjoining a neighboring home and in memory of a friend and colleague. He closed a beautiful tribute with a plea to all present to dedicate their lives to noble purposes, so that when, as he said, "the shadows of evening come apace and we too shall be called, we may have fulfilled the injunction" of the poet who wrote these lines:

"So live; that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

His own life was a realization of the poet's command. And it is comforting to know that when the final summons came to him it was literally in the manner indicated in those closing lines. He had been out on the beautiful grounds with Mrs. Stanton the previous day and he thoroughly enjoyed the outing. In the evening he had gone to sleep as usual. With little warning the first intimation of the end came. Soon after midnight, while still peacefully sleeping, and with his hand held by his devoted wife, his spirit slipped away from the tired body and entered the Kingdom where peace and happiness abound.

He had no fear of death. Of a friend who had been called to his last abiding place, Dr. Stanton said, "To him the world and those

who dwell therein had deepest meaning. He stood on the shore. In his clearing vision, it was 'on earth as it was in heaven'. When such spirits cross the line, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?'"

His life on earth ended last Sunday morning, September 12, 1920. In three more weeks he would have reached the age of three score years and ten. He had performed a full life's work and would have done more, when, a few months ago, he laid aside his tasks to go away and get well and, as was said by one of his good friends here, then to return to be for years to come the grand old man of Iowa State College. We wanted him for his counsel, and for such services as he would wish to give, and most of all for the inspiration that would come to all of us from his presence.

But the Master of the Universe ruled otherwise. Dr. Stanton has crossed the great divide and joined the multitudes which now include most of the early builders of Iowa State College—Welch, Beardshear, Budd, Stalker, Knapp, Bessey and others. Few remain to tell, from their own experience, the story of early college days.

On October 3, 1850, Edgar Williams Stanton was born in Waymart, Wayne County, Pennsylvania. He came of good lineage. The record shows that his ancestor Thomas Stanton migrated from England in 1635. Apparently he was one of the many who felt they could not bear the interference with religious worship and civic liberty imposed by the House of Stuart, which had succeeded to the throne a few years earlier.

Thomas Stanton was a trader, a magistrate, Indian Commissioner, and a Judge. He won distinction as a fighter against Indians. Later another ancestor fought in the Revolutionary War and went through sufferings in a prison ship that were comparable with Andersonville. Edgar's parents were good, plain country folks, apparently just like the parents of most of our great men and leaders.

In his classification of college students Dr. Stanton used to refer to one group as "those who are sent to college." He did not belong to that group. He belonged to the group that includes young men who truly thirst for knowledge and who are determined to find it at

any possible cost. Learning of Franklin Academy in Delaware County, New York, he proceeded thither. Professor George W. Jones, a Yale graduate and Principal of the Academy, became interested in young Stanton and gave him some work to earn expenses. A little later Professor Jones came to Ames to teach mathematics in the new Agricultural College, and soon after that, in 1870, our friend followed to take instruction here and to live in the home of Professor Jones, where some labor was performed for his board. Since that time the same house has been his home—it has been altered and enlarged, but the original building remains. Fifty years in one home! How few there are who hold such a record, and how much better it would be if the average tenure of homes could be lengthened and more of these high records produced.

We who were close to Dr. Stanton know how much he enjoyed life and how his happiness depended upon strenuous and useful work for others. When he could not serve, his chief pleasure was gone. He served mankind. It is too early to evaluate what he did, and in any event it would be impossible on this occasion. In due time I trust his great work will be fittingly recognized.

It is hard to realize that his physical presence no more will be with us. We picture him as we have seen him countless times, playing tennis on his lawn, walking briskly to or from the office in Central Building, or doing any one of many things he was wont to do. We realize that his place, which has become vacant, is a very large place, and we well know that in so far as the college, city and state are concerned, it cannot be filled by any one person. Different persons must assume his different tasks and proceed as best they can.

It is indeed hard to bear the thought that we may not join with him in conference, that we cannot go to him for advice, that no more will we meet him on the highway, that we shall not see that kindly smile nor hear the sympathetic voice—all this deepens our grief.

I will not dwell upon his splendid qualities as a christian, save to mention the fact that he lived that kind of a life in earnest—he was a strong supporter of christian organizations and an uncompromising example and advocate of pure living.

Nor will I refer at length to his home life. It was simple and beautiful. How he loved his home! With the exception of brief periods of sickness or the visit of the angel of death his years in that home were happy. If an expression were to come from the home it would be like that of Burns in reference to his father: "E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side." I wish I could say words which would bring real comfort to his family, especially to those two who have been so near to him of late and whose mutual dependence upon him and care for him have been so tender. Our prayers go out for God's special comfort to those in the family circle.

Of his patriotism it is a pleasure to speak. His life spanned a period of over half a century between our two greatest wars. He was too young to participate in the Civil War but at the right age to realize what the conflict meant and to become imbued with the national spirit. Those who have heard cannot forget his account of the charge of the 1st Minnesota regiment under Hancock at Gettysburg, when 83 per cent of the men fell in twenty minutes and nearly half of the remainder fell the following day. He had visited Gettysburg—he knew the strategy of the battle and he realized as though he had been in it what the terrible sacrifice was for. He felt that those of us today who enjoy our christian civilization which was insured at such awful cost, are unworthy of the name American if we are not devoted to preserving and advancing this civilization.

He was not a pacifist, as that term is now understood. He believed that at times war has been "the only way of clearing the pathways of progress so mankind could come into the privileges of a higher civilization." He considered war to be sublime when waged in a holy cause.

All of us remember the crisis of April, 1917, when our men students, and all staff members able to drill, were asked to spend one hour daily in preparation for military service. Dr. Stanton entered the ranks on our campus and took the instruction with the thought that at least he might learn so he could teach others, for he knew he could not go himself. A little later when the Students Army Training Corps problems were so difficult, he labored with them and had

no thought of self, as though he felt his health and strength were of no account as compared with the cause he served.

Through his example and his words Iowa State College men entered more enthusiastically into the war and Iowa State College women more enthusiastically supported them. When we see our college service flag with its thousand of stars, we should think also of his war service here away from the battlefields but not less arduous and perhaps not less dangerous.

His interests were broad. The whole world was vital to him. State, city, business,—each had its appeal to which he responded with his service.

Dr. Stanton's connection with Iowa State College cannot be covered briefly, and most that could be said here must be omitted.

His record is unique. There can be very few others like it in the whole country. Fifty years of continuous connection and service! The life and influence of no other person are woven so intimately into this college,—its physical plant and its educational ideals. With only rare exceptions, those of a personal nature the college stood first in his life and purposes.

Fortunate college when such a man has such ideals! Fortunate state! Student, teacher, department head, Secretary, Junior Dean, Vice-President, Acting President—and all this work well done! A natural teacher—not made but born. The students loved him. They tell with pride that they were in his classes. He had the great gift of stimulating interest and of applying his instruction to interesting projects. It was a pity when other duties crowded him out of the class-room, but it had to be so.

As an administrative officer he was equally successful. He knew the policies of the institution from the first and helped to formulate most of the important policies which prevail at this time. His records as Secretary are made with scrupulous care and will serve always as examples of accuracy and neatness. His direction of financial matters was outstanding. The Board of Education and State officers in Des Moines placed full confidence in any financial statement he had prepared.

It is said that Gladstone was the greatest finance minister of modern times. His work on the national budgets always will stand as among his most notable services. In that office he was governed by three cardinal principles, self-imposed: first, that he was the trusted and confidential steward of the public and was under sacred obligation in regard to all that he consented to spend; second, that plans for using public funds must be kept safely within the limits of funds available; and, third, that his own popularity should have no consideration in administering the public purse. You who knew Dr. Stanton will bear witness that in these respects he was like Gladstone.

More such financial officers in private and public institutions would decrease the number of bankrupts and the inexcusable number of cases where public officers appear before Congress or a legislature demanding deficiency appropriations. A few years ago our chemistry building burned with practically all its contents. It was because of Dr. Stanton's policy in reference to holding an emergency fund—a policy desired and approved by the Board of Education, but one which is carried out only with the greatest difficulty when the responsible officers of an institution are not truly sympathetic—it was because of his policy that within five days practically the entire group of students, 1000 strong, were at work again, at work with new equipment purchased in more than a dozen places by members of the chemistry department staff who left Ames for that purpose the day after the fire.

As Dean of the Junior College he exercised a profound influence upon thousands of students. No one will know how many he "saved" from educational wreck; but from time to time different ones have appeared and admitted the fact with reference to themselves, and with gratitude.

He helped students to see the challenge of their work. Said he: "It is a mighty task for which you are making ready, full of responsibility," and "Get into the game and stay there," and "We are beginning to write the history of the new year. It is ours to make the pages glow with the story of work well done." Such appeals cannot be resisted by red-blooded men and women.

He supported all worth while activities of the college. He said: "I like athletics because they represent qualities that are needed in every part of our institutional life;" and he admitted with a bit of glee that his pulse quickened when the game was on. Such a man never grows old. He liked debates also, and he wanted to see the other activities prosper, but he always held the educational purposes above all else.

In judging men he was an expert, with remarkably few failures to his credit. He wanted to know their record and something of their standards of living. And he won the loyalty and affection of his associates to an unusual degree.

How he loved the campus,—the buildings, the vistas and trees. By arguments and pleasantries he helped keep the path nuisance to a minimum. He often referred to this place as a beauty spot of Iowa and spoke of what it should mean to those who have been here to return to visit the familiar places.

In his talks to alumni, who always welcomed him so cordially, he used to like to dwell upon the campus and its developments and how old I. S. C. was keeping pace with the growing needs of the state in reference to instruction and investigation along the five great lines committed to this college. Through these talks here, and at many places throughout the country, he has done much to foster the right college spirit and to strengthen our college by promoting unity and enthusiasm among all friends of the institution. We are glad he could attend some of the Semi-Centennial exercises. Infirmities kept him away from most of them.

How did Dr. Stanton achieve success in such large measure? The answer is that he possessed a great secret, namely, that certain fundamentals of character are necessary for real success. It was a flame within him. I refer to it as a secret, because it seems to be unknown to many persons.

He advised young people to be right-spirited. He pointed out the harm of getting cross-grained with the world. He himself was right-spirited. I never knew him to show anger or to lose his temper. When something went wrong he would pity the one who made a

mistake, and he would smile and help to show how to make it right.

He was patient. Day after day he could wait for another to see the light or to act on a question. Meantime he would be busy otherwise. He had abiding confidence that right would prevail. He was cheerful. When he entered a room the atmosphere seemed to be more buoyant. His optimism was contagious. Like President Taft, he would sometimes chuckle heartily as he was about to relate a pleasing anecdote. He told many of them, and they were always applicable and in good taste.

He could think clearly and reason logically. One might get sometimes the impression that he was slow in answering the question—but he was quickly marshalling the facts in his own mind and when the answer was given it was practically certain to be right. One of our officers has remarked that a question submitted at two different times more than a year apart would bring the same answer in both cases. This was not because he remembered the question nor the answer, but because his thorough mind found all the facts in each instance, and as they were the same facts they led to the same conclusion.

He had faith in his work and in his own plans and conclusions. He preached faith for others, and he exemplified his own teaching. Fundamentally he believed in Iowa State College; he had faith in her destiny. He pointed out that her work is all constructive and essential to supplying the people with their various necessities. To the students he said, "Believe in the work you are doing. Grip its importance." Especially he had faith in Iowa—in her fertility, her people, her industries, and her future.

He was sympathetic. Whoever went to him, teacher or student, found a sympathetic listener. He put himself in the place of the troubled visitor, was able to understand countless problems and give their solution. He had confidence in others. This was a chief reason for his success with students, and for his success as an administrative officer. He was charitable as to their shortcomings.

He loved mankind. His own words in reference to a dear friend apply to himself: "His interest in students came from his love of

human kind. His heart overflowed with it. He hated no one, loved all; but he reserved a sort of a sacred place in his affections for those who came under his instructions. His loving interest in his students was, however, tempered with rare good judgement. He was exacting in his requirements. He would not tolerate shabby work." His ideals were high. He advocated good scholarship and sensible athletics, but he pointed out forcibly that intellectual and physical training, unguided by high moral instinct, never produced a well-rounded man. He said that one may learn to farm scientifically or to build bridges or tunnels, yet without right ideals he may make an utter failure in life.

Other striking characteristics might be mentioned, including especially his courage, in this effort to call to mind those which underlay his success as a leader in our college.

Such qualities cannot die. His body, which is but clay, has fallen and we care for it lovingly. His spirit is builded firmly into the standards and traditions of Iowa State College. It will go on and on and grow with the college. It will continue to live in those who have been in contact with him and it will be transmitted to countless others. We have proof in this in the words of the scriptures: "I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord; he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

A new term came out with the war. It is most expressive—"Carry on!" Today it seems to me these words are being repeated to us from every side. Our beloved friend is taken from our sight. We thank God for him. Here, there, on all sides, we see his handiwork. We marvel at his accomplishments, and we know these are due to splendid traits of character which are implanted more or less well in others of us. It is for us to emphasize these good qualities, because the world needs them, and we have been shown how. Thus we will be honoring the memory that we cherish. Let us then interpret the sounds of the bells, his bells, and the breezes in the leaves as calling to us to "Carry on."

FUNERAL SERMON

By REV. H. K. HAWLEY

Pastor First Congregational Church, Ames, Iowa

"Whosoever would be first among you, let him be servant of all."
Mk. 10:44.

It must be with a sense of deep disappointment that you learn that one who was a life long friend of Dean Stanton cannot be present this afternoon to interpret his life to you with all the wealth of understanding that only such an extended association could furnish. I share with you to the fullest this regret, knowing full well that a brief acquaintance, and that during the concluding years of so long a life can but illy prepare one for this gracious service. And yet so transparent and so genuine was that life—so free from all sham and hypocrisy—that one may judge of the life in its prime from the concluding years, just as one may estimate the process of growth and perfecting from the ripe and mellow fruit that hangs heavy from the branches in the days of harvest.

One text above all other seems best fitted to this occasion. Here and there in the Gospels is recorded some word that fell from the lips of the greatest Master of Life, some word that seems to probe the depths of human experience and prophecy concerning the elemental and common life of man. Such a word did Jesus speak to his disciples when he contrasted the law that dominated the great men of ancient time with the law that was destined to control the lives of those who in these new times should gain pre-eminence. You will recall those significant phrases, which gather up the whole Christian philosophy of life. Let me quote—"Ye know that those who are accustomed to rule over the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it is not so among you: but whosoever would be great among you, shall be your minister:

and whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all." Everyone who was personally acquainted with Dean Stanton will agree that in his life the concluding phrases of this text have been fulfilled among us. "Whosoever would be first among you, he shall be servant of all."

There is according to the truly christian philosophy of life—according to the estimate of Jesus—no greater thing that may be said at the conclusion of any man's life than that he made himself servant of all.

Such a life service implies somewhere,—sometimes in childhood, more often in youth, occasionally in mature life—a definite, conscious dedication of one's life to such a service. We are accustomed to call it "conversion" or "being born again" or some such term. It matters little enough what it is called. It is of trivial importance whether it come to a man in one moment of supreme choice or whether it comes as a series of lesser determinations. The great experience measures an unconditional dedication of life to unselfish service. Somewhere behind every great soul who has attained distinction in the service of the race there is this conscious dedication to ideals. It never just happens that one rises to the first place in the service of the race. It is a conscious act, demanding the whole of all the highest qualities that man possesses.

But intention, even dedication cannot alone achieve such distinction in service. There must follow the years of growing self-control. The years while the soul is in the hard process of character building. Character alone furnishes the background for great giving. A stream can rise no higher than its source, and no one may give that which he has not himself acquired. You may be sure that behind every great gift there is a wealth of personality. And personality is achieved only through the extended discipline of the years.

Self-discipline that ripens human character is by no means merely a matter of repression. Repression there must be, and no one of us who has red blood in his veins comes to full self control without severe lessons in repression of the impulses that are in contrast to the ideals that we have determined upon. But repression alone never

develops a strong character. There must be expression as well as repression. The soul of man demands activity.

And activity implies the establishment of points of contact in the personal world. Men delve in the impersonal and material, but the real expansion of a life into strength of character comes only with the establishment of many vital points of contact with other persons. Jesus toiled long hours in the carpenter shop at Nazareth and no doubt learned severe lessons in self-control while he accomplished work of which he need not be ashamed, but he is remembered not for his good work in the shop, but for his influence through the personal associations that he formed with men and women. So must it be with all men—their real service among their fellows comes through personal association.

God has ordained the human family as a place for the making of character. Here under the tutelage of father and mother the child learns his first lessons in living and serving, and the boy or girl who meets the high demands of the home life has already found the deepest secret of usefulness.

More profound in its influence upon character and offering a still more effective field for service than the childhood home, is the home which the man builds for himself. There is no higher nor sweeter association known among the children of men than that which is established under the roof where children are born and reared in an atmosphere of christian love. Broad and profound as may be the influence of men in the world of affairs, nowhere is the inner spirit of the man so made manifest as in the bosom of his own home. Nowhere is his service so intimate and so necessary as in his home. He may perform great public service and gain the plaudits of his fellow men, but right at the hearth-stone as husband and father does he measure up to or fall short of the true christian standard. I need not speak of the wholesome, genuine, hallowed influence that has for all these years emanated from this christian home. Like the fragrance from sweet flowers it has delighted and blessed all those who came within range of its influence.

Next to the intimate relations of a home must come the wider

personal associations. He only lives who makes for himself friends. And he who would serve must first gain the confidence of his fellows in friendship. Jesus could minister to the needs of his disciples only after he had become their friend. By the establishment of these friendships he opened the way for service. So must any do, who would serve. This man whose memory we honor today crossed the path of thousands during the seventy years of his life, and wherever his spirit touched the spirit of another there was the beginning of a friendship. Few men can count more friends than could Dean Stanton.

The man who would serve fully in these modern days must have an interest in the organizations that are built for the welding of humanity. The Church and a thousand other lesser organizations are bidding for our loyalty and support, and he who would serve fully must ally himself with these organizations. Mr. Stanton realized this and no good purpose lacked his interest and support. He had learned the secret of making friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, as well as the giving of his own personal helpfulness.

Another will speak of the loyalty and devotion of this good man to the chosen work of his life. To few it is given as it was given to him to build his life into one institution. I think that it may be said more fully of him than of any of the good men who have served Iowa State College that it is an incarnation of his spirit of service. Here he lived, and here he worked with never flagging enthusiasm and zeal. It was his good fortune to have chosen a work that threw him in most intimate personal contact with thousands of young men in the years that are most impressionable. His influence can never be measured. Throughout the world are men who today are what they are to some degree because one day they felt the touch of this man's spirit.

By his devotion and fidelity to the high interests of this institution he has led the world in the pioneer service of education that is practical, but never so practical as to eliminate the ideal. Always, in private and in public this man kept the balance between the material and the spiritual, remembering that the gaining of all things can be no gain unless there be in the getting the acquirement of character.

Standing as we are today on the border land between the world we know and the great unknown, what shall we say? We shall say this with unequivocal certainty: that such a life of service is the fullest preparation for a still greater service in the higher sphere of activities to which we believe death is the vestibule. If Jesus be the interpreter of God, then such a life is the way to eternal life.

Our mourning is not for our friend, but for the loss that the world suffers in the passing of such a soul. A man like this leaves a great place unfilled and he will be missed. In his home, among his friends, in the institutions in which he has been interested, in his great work he will be sorely missed, but the comfort of a memory more precious than any other heritage will ever inspire us to a life like his.

May I read in conclusion the poem that I believe expresses his own spirit and would please him best. Written by Tennyson just before he himself turned to cross over, it has voiced the faith and spirit of other men of like spirit.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

AGRICULTURAL ASSEMBLY IOWA STATE COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 21, 1920

MEMORIAL SERVICES

Iowa State College

November 21, 1920

President R. A. PEARSON, *presiding*

Solo, "The Lord is My Shepherd"

Mr. CHAS. ROACH

Scripture Reading and Prayer

Dr. H. K. HAWLEY

A Personal Tribute

Prof. O. H. CESSNA '72

College Chaplain

Solo, "The Chimes"

Emma McHenry Glenn '78

Mrs. RUTH TILDEN '95

Address

Mr. M. J. RIGGS '83

President Alumni Association

Address

Pres. I. B. SCHRECKENGAST '85

Quartette, "The Homeland"

Mr. ROACH, Mrs. TILDEN, Mrs. CLEMENT, Mr. WOOD

Prayer and Benediction.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By DR. I. B. SCHRECKENGAST '85

President Nebraska Wesleyan University

It was in the summer of 1882 that I first appeared in Doctor Stanton's classes. There was enough difference in our ages so that I never felt on terms of intimate friendship. I conceived for him the highest possible admiration. His teaching inspired me, and his personality commanded my respect. As the years went by this admiration deepened into real affection. He was always warm and cordial in his relation to me and in later years always came to hear me when I was in the neighborhood. My student admiration for him was so great that I took all the work that he had to offer. In my personal conversation with former students we nearly always spoke of him affectionately as "Stanty."

I am thinking of him this afternoon as a splendid illustration of the supreme business of an institution like this. I have been very proud of the material development of my old college. Coming back occasionally since graduation, I have been almost startled by evidences of material prosperity as seen in the splendid buildings that have been placed upon this campus. Just now a greater building than any yet conceived—a million dollar memorial building—appears to be probable in the not distant future. I feel, however, like saying that the greatness of this institution is not to be measured by the greatness of its material equipment. It can only be measured in the greatness of the men and the women that it has produced. Professor Stanton was a student in this school. All his life from his early young manhood until his death was spent on this campus as student and instructor. The development of the brain and heart, the character and personality, of a man like Edgar W. Stanton is the finest out-put of this or any other educational institution. Just as Dr. Stanton illustrates in his life the chief out-put of an educational insti-

tution, he illustrates in his personal choices an appreciation of life's supreme values. He was a specialist in the realm of economics. He knew quite well the underlying principles that make for business success. If he had been willing to spend his years and his energies in the accumulation of money, he might have become, as other associates of his early manhood, very wealthy. Instead of seeing the great values of life in the accumulation of material things, he saw them in that ever increasing stream of young men and women who crowded his class rooms and thronged upon the campus. Today large numbers of those young men, grown gray in the service of the world, have a feeling of gratitude for the influence which he has had over their lives. The life that finds its supreme opportunity in the service of men and women rather than in the accumulation of material things is the only kind of life that can look with equanimity upon the approach of age and, eventually, death.

As youth and mature manhood slip away into the past, there sometimes come temptations to regret their going, and to wish that we might have the opportunity of living them over again. It is only as we are able to invest these years that get away from us so that the results which come to us from their investment are worth more to us than the years themselves, that we can see them going without regret. When I was a boy in a country school, I sometimes traded knives sight unseen, only to find that the knife that I secured was poorer than the one I had. Under such conditions it is only quite natural for a boy to want to trade back. It is possible to spend our youth in such a reckless fashion that the product that we get has little power to satisfy. Under such conditions we can imagine a mature man mourning his lost youth and cherishing the desire to have it returned. But if the years that are gone have been so invested that you would not destroy the outcome of those years even to feel the thrill of youth again, you can watch the approach of age without regret.

I have imagined the Apostle Paul, aged and broken in body, in troubled sleep in prison cell. In the middle of the night a hand is laid upon his shoulder. Paul is aroused and he rubs his eyes and

says, "Who are you come to disturb an old man in the midst of his troubled sleep." Paul receives the answer, "I am the messenger of your lost youth coming to make you dissatisfied with the experiences that age has brought you. Paul, wouldn't you like to be a boy again?" And Paul answers, "It would be fine to be free from the burdens of life, the mental strain and the physical pain,—I would like to be a boy again and run care-free through the streets of Tarsus." Then the messenger says, "I have the authority to offer you your lost youth." And Paul says, a little more awake, "If I come to be a boy again what will become of the things I have accomplished—my influence on Timothy; the churches that I have established in Asia Minor; the people that I have won out of the licentiousness of heathenism, some of whom have even died and gone to the other world?" And the messenger says, "If you become a boy again you will have to give up all that life has brought you—you cannot have your youth and the things that you have accomplished, too."

Then I imagine Paul answers with great firmness of spirit, "If I have to give up what life has brought me in order to get back my lost youth, if I have to take Timothy out of the pulpit and destroy those churches that have been erected in the heart of heathenism and call back out of Heaven those people who have been won to the faith of Christ and have to meet the christian God, I wouldn't trade back for all the world."

Today there is a great loneliness on this campus and in the hearts of the intimate friends of this one who has gone. Is it not possible for us, however, to see that no true friend of Dr. Stanton would destroy the influence which he has had in the lives of hundreds of young men and women in order that they might bring back the days of his youth? Having worn himself out in the service of others, I think of him as rejoicing in the harvest which life has brought to him and going out with confidence to meet the experiences of the eternal world.

"I cannot say and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away;

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you, Oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and glad return,
Think of him faring on as dear
In the love of there as the love of here ;
Think of him still as the same, I say.
He is not dead ; he is just away."

DEAN E. W. STANTON—A TRIBUTE

By DR. O. H. CESSNA, '72

*Head of Department of History and Psychology
Iowa State College*

It is Sunday on the train coming from California to Ames. While in California I received the telegram announcing the death of my old friend. I was in the midst of a prune harvest on a ranch about a mile distant from Edgar Stanton's ranch where Dean Stanton has had the center of his California interests. As circumstances prevented my going to Ames, I went at once to express my sympathy to Edgar and family and then plunged again into the prune harvest. My thoughts were more or less diverted by the things in hand and while the sadness of Dean Stanton's going was in the background of all my thoughts, the whole thing seemed like a dream rather than a reality. But now I am on the train going toward Ames and I am beginning to pick up the threads of my life there in the great college. Of course all the things connected with that life begin to assume clear outlines. Since the telegram, the news of Stanton's death has seemed more like a nightmare constantly haunting me, crowded into the background by the new and pressing interests of our visit. But now we are homeward bound, and as we begin to enter the realities of that home life and things take on definite shape the most vivid thing is that Stanton has gone. The fact begins to come out in all its reality, and I am beginning to wonder how I can go on without him. As I sit here in this car, I catch myself saying "Is it true or have I dreamed it—can it be possible that I shall see my friend no more, and the only thing that is left is to go out into our little college cemetery and sit on that tombstone and think over all our happy associations?" That tombstone as you know is near my own and is in a little plot of ground so closely connected with our college history. That old college cemetery! You know what it means. Take that

little spot where Dean Stanton now lies. I, myself, have officiated in twenty-nine interments of those who lie there,—all from our college community. As you know, Stanton's lot and my own are close together and there are those other old friends of ours—President Welch, our first president, Tom Thompson, a member of our own class, and now Stanton of those older days. Then there is Genevieve Welch Barstow, President Welch's daughter, a little girl winning her way into all our hearts when we were students here at the college. Then there are those of later date—President Beardshear, Dr. Harri-man, our college physician, the Barretts, Dr. Knapp, once our college president, and his beloved wife, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Summers, and my own precious boy. Oh! I have sat there many a time and tried to make real to myself some great foundation truth that must be firmer than life with all these changing scenes. We seem to be marching on as in a great procession. The ranks up at the head of the column are thinning out. There must be some great strong steady truth and spiritual reality that endures through all these changes. I am helped sometimes in my thoughts as I go out on a starry night and look up into the heaven. There one sees the great constellations that have ridden in their places, lo, these many centuries. They seem to be symbolic of great permanent realities that endure. Though revolutions come and changes seem to sweep aside all human affairs, the Great War with all its destruction not only of human life but of the institutions of civilization itself, may work its devastation, still they are there in the heavenly expanse. Sixty years ago, as a boy I went out and lifted my eyes up to the heavens and there were the Great Dipper, Orion and the Pleiades, and I go out tonight and there they are still in the same old places. I take down my bible and I hear Job speaking reverently of God "Who spreadeth out the Heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. Who maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades and the chambers of the South. Who doeth great things past finding out. Yea wonders without number." These great symbols of eternity ride on the same. Oh! there must be something that endures through all these human changes. I confess as these friends slip from us one by one and our cherished plans

and our most permanent human institutions seem to fail, it makes one feel around for the firmer foundation on which to stand, and thank God we do not feel in vain.

No death in these recent years has come to me as the death of Dean Stanton. His going is like the shooting down of a man at one's own side. You feel somehow as if the dart or missile of death was beginning to find your own squad. And Stanton is gone! It must be so. It is so. Though—

“The very stern reality
Makes us almost think we dream.”

It may be interesting to you to know that not long ago when talking over things in general in one of those quiet little intimacies we now and then had reference was made to what might sometime occur. I think it was after the death of our classmate LaVerne W. Noyes one or the other remarked that the messenger might come for one of us one of these days, and as we spoke of it we rather agreed that the one who was left would speak at the funeral service and pay the tribute to his friend. It was interesting that an exception was made, and if I mistake not I think he suggested that perhaps one of us might be in California at the time and it would be difficult to return, but the tribute could be paid just the same. Strange to say that very thing has come to pass and the sad duty has fallen to me. Would that I might have the gift of his eloquent expression when I come to speak of his life, for his was a rare power and never more beautiful than when on occasions like this he came to speak of a departed friend or comrade. At no time did he do so well as when he came to say the words of comfort and appreciation in times like this. We, in our own home, shall never forget the beautiful comforting message that he gave when the dark shadows came down over us. It will seem strange that we shall hear his voice no more on these occasions.

Then there were those other addresses of his which he gave from time to time before the student body. It was on these occasions that the students came to know him in these later days. There

were those "special chapels" as they were formerly called when he moulded the thought and controlled the action of the student body. When he was in the executive chair it was in this way that he sought to direct things. He attempted to form public opinion at the start and to control action by beginning early, and thus preventing the open outbreak. I remember one instance quite a number of years ago when the President was absent from the college there developed a very serious clash between the sophomore and freshman classes and the actual physical conflict was on. Someone appealed to him to control the affair, but he refused to touch it, saying that the time for his action in such matters was much farther back than this stage of the game. He made effort to prevent such conditions arising rather than stopping the thing when it was actually on, and he was usually successful. The reason why he was so effective was that, in these special chapel talks, he spoke to the students in such a way that they felt the reasonableness of his position and the sincerity of the man. He had this rare power of molding student thought because they felt he was every inch a man.

In my experiments in mental imagery in my psychology classes, I have at times wanted to call up someone about the institution with whom the students were all familiar. I usually spoke of Dean Stanton, and the interesting thing was that the students usually either called to mind the little personal talks with him in his office when they were in the junior college or they saw him on the platform at a convocation or big athletic rally. It was also interesting that they not only recalled a visual imagery of the man but they also recalled the auditory image of the sound of his voice. For years no booster meeting or great rally before some important game was complete without Dean Stanton as one of the speakers. How he would have enjoyed that rally before the homecoming and Iowa game the other night. He enjoyed talking on such occasions because he was thoroughly in sympathy with athletics. This was always true, even in his undergraduate days. He enjoyed the various athletic games then in vogue. He was a great tennis player, and there are members of the faculty present who knew what it meant to cross rackets with him

on the tennis court. In those earlier days we were both members of that first baseball team ever organized in the Iowa State College. My place was third base and his was short stop. Tom Thompson was our captain, and he was a great captain. Tom was the first of our class to pass away. Those of you who have been out yonder in our little college cemetery will doubtless recall the name of Tom Thompson on that little marble shaft near the Stanton monument, with the record that he died in 1875. Now there lie both Tom Thompson and Stanton and many other old friends and associates in that little cemetery, and my lot corners with theirs. Is it a gloomy outlook? Am I depressed? No, no, far from it. This passing is but a stage in the development. We have a hope that "though the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Stanton is not there in that cemetery. Bless you, no! He lives, for one said "Because I live, ye shall live also."

His has been a unique relationship with this school. He came in the spring of '70. I had come among those who were here in the fall of '68 for that little preliminary term before the inauguration of our president in the spring of '69. Stanton had his preparation and preliminary work under Professor Jones in the east before he came here so he entered at once in our class. Professor Jones took him into his own home and he did chores for his board and room. We worked together in the treasurer's office under Professor Jones for some time. We then had only two courses in the college, the Agricultural course and the course in Mechanic Arts. I chose the course in Agriculture as it seemed to have more of the Liberal Arts. He chose the Mechanical course as his special forte was mathematics.

Dean Stanton's work was largely connected with detail administration of the institution. As Junior Dean, he came into personal touch with a large number of students. To him fell the unpleasant task of dealing with the delinquents, and also with the parents who came to counsel with him regarding their children. In all these matters he was singularly gentle and sympathetic and tactful and yet firm. As a teacher, he was eminently successful, as will be borne witness to by those hundreds of students who were under his instruc-

tion in economics and mathematics. For years no student ever passed through this institution without taking some work under Dean Stanton. The fact that he was made honorary president of the General Alumni Association shows his very wide acquaintance and gives evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by all of the alumni.

Then there was the business side of the college. As secretary of the board, it was he who knew all matters of business detail thoroughly, and to him reference was constantly made. Every session of the Legislature was for him a very exacting one, as to him in every case of controversy and criticism all matters were referred. He stood the brunt of things. He was very jealous for the reputation of the college and watched with great solicitude the various changes in sentiment and saw to it that no suspicion or criticism was well founded.

Then all the older members of the faculty and students will remember those years and years and years of service as classifying officer. No student ever got into the college without passing under his direct personal supervision. He was jealous for the standard of scholarship in the institution as well as for what he thought was the student's best good. The passing whims and sentiments of students never could change him. He hesitated to delegate this work to anyone else for fear it would not be well done. No one more than he had the honor and efficiency of the institution at heart. In a peculiar sense this was his school. He had put his whole life into it and had carried its interests on his heart in the daytime, and at night on many occasions it had gone to bed with him to disturb his slumbers. It had also gone with him on his vacations to rob him of his rest. Its life was his life. He had been with it in its dark days, and no one more than he grieved when it was maligned and its fair name trailed in the dust. But how he rejoiced in its prosperity. He loved to see old Iowa State win, win in athletics, win in forensics, win with large appropriations from the Legislature, win in the success of its students, who were achieving in the world's great battle. It was his very own flesh and blood. There was no place where old students would rather go than to Dean Stanton's office for a little chat over things.

He was always glad to hear what the boys and girls were doing. Their success was his success and their misfortune was his misfortune. In an intimate sense these boys and girls were his boys and girls, and he was deeply interested. Others might come and go but not he. You never heard him say that if his salary was not raised he'd go. He was too closely linked with the very life of the college to be moved by such considerations. You never heard of the lure of the business world as tempting him away from the college. Nothing could induce him to leave it, and even when its cares broke him down he was not willing to quit though urged to take a long vacation by the physician, the officers of the college and his loved ones. I think there is no question but what if he had taken a longer rest a year or two ago he would have been here today.

Those who passed through those awful months of October and November and the early part of December in 1918 will never forget their sorrows and distress. The exigencies of the war threw the burden of executive control on Dean Stanton's shoulders. Our President was called away by the authorities to Washington to help solve great problems there. One wonders how Dean Stanton and General Lincoln lived through those awful days of the "flu." They were the responsible heads and had to make the decisions—Dean Stanton of the College and General Lincoln of the Military. They had to hold the institution together and bear the brunt of criticism when everybody was nervous. Literally hundreds of our students sick, many of them dying—on each of two days in succession the undertaker took away six of these precious boys from our hospital. Hundreds of anxious parents and relatives were here. Strict quarantine rules were necessary and had to be enforced in the interest of safety. Financial loss was incurred and severe criticism resulted. Yet in the storm these men stood at the helm and guided the old college safely through to brighter days, but the strain was terrific, and some of us would not have been surprised had one or the other of these men fallen in his tracks.

Dean Stanton was at that time given a few months leave of absence. These were spent on his California ranch, and he apparently

recuperated until he seemed to be his old self again. Yet evidently his powers of resistance had been undermined, and the next year when the "flu" visited us again he himself fell a victim to the slow poisoning of the disease, and gradually he went under the cloud of the depressing effect of the toxic poison. He struggled for months to master it, but his was as a battery that had run down and the life energies were not sufficient to recharge his vital forces. Finally things broke and he passed on.

Dean Stanton was deeply and sincerely religious. He had a strong grip on the great verities of his religious life. None more than he felt the evil of narrow bigotry. He wanted a religious conviction that would stand the test of open free thought and investigation.

Visiting clergymen who come to speak at our Sunday Chapel have frequently remarked the high moral tone and the reverent spirit of worship that pervades our institution and general student body. That this is true I feel sure, during all his years of service, was due perhaps more than to anyone else to the sincere devout spirit, teaching and example of Dean Stanton. He was always at daily Chapel, and that was a rare Sunday when he was in his accustomed place in Sunday Chapel and by the inspiration of his presence and reverent manner added to the effectiveness of the services. Many is the time when through discouragement I have been ready to cease some of our poorly attended activities. He would say, "No, Cessna, these services reach farther than we can see; God is in the midst; it is ours to work, He takes care of the results." God wants men of faith who can still work on when things do not seem to move, and not men who can work only when they see tangible results. Some men are like some horses, they pull only when the load moves. Otherwise they balk. Stanton pulled on anyway whether things seemed to move or not when duty called for pulling.

Some of the rest of you will miss Stanton. Most of all and most sorely he will be missed from that home,—with those loved ones here and elsewhere. I may not speak of this, it is too sacred a relationship to enter. He will be missed from our faculty meeting; he will be missed from those board meetings where he has served so long and so

faithfully. He will be missed from our athletics and our athletic gatherings. How much, who may tell! He will be missed from the alumni gatherings. You will remember how he was greeted at the last meeting when in broken health he tried to do his part. He will be missed from our friendly social gatherings and the great booster-meetings of the college. How his heart would have thrilled on Armistice Day and other great gatherings recently. He will be missed . . . well where will he not be missed? Everywhere, in everything that has Iowa State College's interest at stake.

You will miss Stanton, but do you know how I shall miss him? More than fifty years of intimate fellowship have been ours. Away back in 1870. I met Stanton for the first time when he came from the east to enter our class. As boys we were drawn together, and the intimate companionship and friendship has lasted all these many years. Our boyhood problems were solved together, our college aspirations were shared. Our manhood ambitions we've held as common interests. We've read our diaries to each other and we've studied together the deeper heart problems. As some of you know his ranch in California was but a mile from one I have a little interest in, and in recent years we have talked of what we'd do when we would cease our work here at the college, for advancing years have reminded us both that things could not go on forever. We had planned as to the possibility of spending our later days together in California making our home perhaps in Berkeley near each other and then riding together over those beautiful California roads to our ranches for our outing and companionships. These were some of the more intimate communings of our hearts. Do you wonder that in our deep affliction when our precious boy was taken we turned instinctively to him? He was among the first who came, and when he took me by the hand though not a word was spoken I felt that I was not alone and new strength came to bear it. In joy or sorrow I wanted him to share it. One has but few such intimate friends and they mean too much to lose without deep bereavement, but now I am alone. How shall I be able to stand up and give the class yell at alumni meetings? How indeed, but in the fact that we all breathe

the Stanton spirit and we are to think of this not as ending his existence but rather as his promotion to another sphere of activity. He still lives, and we shall not mourn as those without hope, and I am comforted. "

It certainly means much for the worth of a man to have lived in a community like this so long and so intimately and yet to be worthy of such unusual tributes as have been given both at the funeral service and at these memorial services and in the many other tributes of respect and love elsewhere. Such friendships as these make life worthwhile and give beautiful tribute to the reality of the great spiritual verities. Well done, good and faithful servant.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By M. J. RIGGS '83

*President Alumni Association. Manager American Bridge
Company's Plant, Toledo, Ohio*

I count it a great privilege to be able to be present here on this occasion and to take some little part in this service. I find it very difficult to express my real feelings in words, and what I shall have to say must be a statement rather personal in nature and in the form of testimony as to what the life and work of Dr. Stanton has meant to me in fitting me for, and helping to hold me up to all that is best in my own life.

It is forty years ago, this year, that I came as a boy eighteen years old, to Ames and found myself, as all freshmen did in those years, in Professor Stanton's class in Algebra in the old Main building. I loved mathematics and took the Civil Engineering course so as to get all the college could offer at that time. I have always been glad that the school was small enough then, and at the same time pleased, too, over its more recent great growth, so that I had the pleasure and profit of reciting every term for the four years to Professor Stanton.

Professor Stanton was a great teacher. He always knew his subject, no doubt or bluff or make believe in him. He was a clear thinker and saw straight and far and had the happy faculty of expressing himself and holding things up so that every one else could see, too.

One soon learned that Professor Stanton expected him to come to class fully prepared and to be able to make good with any part of the lesson. You always felt that you would get from him just what was your due, and that he took great pleasure in giving you a perfect mark. He always showed this plainly by the twinkle in his eye and by what he said in the way of encouragement. One soon got the habit of, and took pleasure in making good for his sake as well as one's own.

This training was good for me, and I owe more than I can tell to Professor Stanton for it.

Professor Stanton was a good friend, and a strong man. For forty years we knew him and saw him often. For many years he was almost the only link between the newer college and the good old days of the earlier times. He knew every one of us, was always really pleased to see us and very much interested in our progress, in our own family life, in all our worthy ambitions and in all our real successes. One could always confide in him, could tell him your problems, your failures, could ask for council and advice. You felt that he was wise, balanced, sympathetic, and ready to give the best he had freely for your good.

None of us have many such friends; he was such a friend to me. Yes, he was a good friend and I shall miss him.

Above all else he was the big, wise, steady unselfish man for Iowa State College, for the first half century of its life; others came, played their parts nobly, went on again, Stanton always here. In his life he played all the parts. On occasion he could and did carry them all almost alone.

A man of great business and executive ability, all of which he used for the good of the college. This great state institution owes more than any of us can know to this fine and unselfish public service, continuous and persistent service which he was privileged to render through so many years. Every great institution in industry, politics, religion or education has had in its beginning some strong man who gave his very life for it. Professor Stanton filled that place here. The times demanded it. In the providence of God Professor Stanton was here, saw the vision and gave himself whole heartedly to the task. "Not self but service," was his motto always.

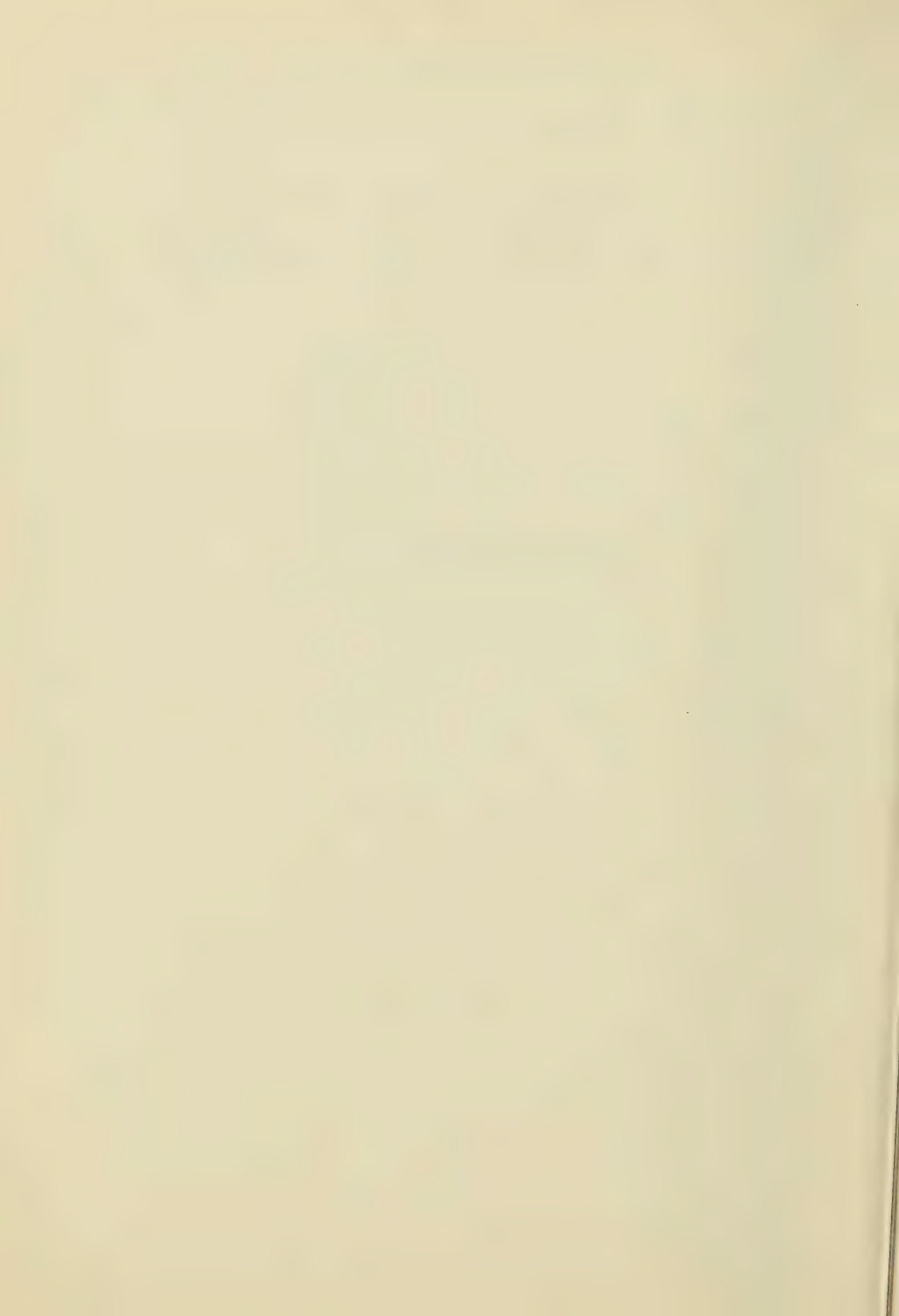
You people here know how much in earnest I am in the matter of a fitting memorial to the men and women of this college who gave service and life in the great war. Not all who gave their lives in this cause died in battle, and I believe that Professor Stanton just as truly gave his life as did the others, and I hope that we may work out our plans in such a manner as to provide in a fitting and suitable

way a lasting memorial to him and to the fifty years of noble service which he gave. He gave it all. He went all the way. We all owe him much.

Berton Braley has written a little poem which he calls, "A Formula for Success." It seems to me that Professor Stanton in his love for formulas must have discovered this one early in life and lived it here for fifty years. Here it is:

"It's doing your job the best you can
And being just to your fellow-men;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thoro, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance,
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow, and work, and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving thru strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that is Success."

APPRECIATIONS



EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM COLLEAGUES AND FORMER STUDENTS

"HE needs no other monument than the college which he served so long and well. Iowa has lost a good citizen, the college a real benefactor and thousands a good, true friend."—*Dean and Mrs. G. W. Bissell*, Michigan Agricultural College.

"He was one of the pillars of the college, rendering inestimable service, beloved by every student and associate, unselfish and high minded. His loss to the institution is irreparable and his passing breaks one more link binding the present to the early days of the college."—*J. C. Arthur*, '72, Professor Emeritus of Botany, Purdue University.

"When I think of my connection with the Iowa State College, Professor Stanton always stands in my mind, as the prominent figure in the very forefront of college efficiency."—*George S. Allyn*, Board of Trustees Iowa State College, 1904-1909.

"His was a life of service. He will live on through the lives of thousands of alumni whose vision he broadened and whose ideals his own inspired."—*C. W. Rubel*, '04, President, Northern California Branch of Alumni Association, County Agent Leader for California.

"He had the ability to foresee and execute great plans. And combined with this was his great heart. It is out of the consecrated lives of men of this sort that great institutions are built up."—*Alfred Atkinson*, '04, President, Montana State College.

"He taught us to think sanely, to do honest work, to judge values fairly."—*Ida T. Blochman*, '78, Berkley, California.

"He may be gone from us, but his influence lives and will always live, strong and helpful."—*F. W. Beckman*, Professor of Agricultural Journalism, Iowa State College.

"To all who came within the sphere of his influence, he was at once a source of inspiration. His life, which is an integral part of the great institution with which he was connected for fifty years, was devoted to a noble work. The state of Iowa is his debtor."—*Honorable W. H. Gemmill*, '94, Secretary of the Iowa State Board of Education.

"I feel it has been a rare privilege to have known him intimately."—*W. A. Helsell*, '77, Attorney, Odebolt, Iowa.

"From the beginning, he became to us and the multitudes that followed more than a mere teacher. He became our dear friend and brother to whom we owe more than we can tell. His influence abides and flows enriching with the years. Even as a vein of water flowing underground silently causes plant life to blossom and fruit, so the work he wrought, blesses the world in the accomplishment of those he trained."—*E. J. Hainer*, Ex '76, Ex-Congressman, State of Nebraska.

"He had a personality outside the executive office or the class room that wrought out results as real and as distinctive in the affairs of the state as the technical products of the shop or laboratory. He was more than a teacher, he was an inspiration. An indescribable influence hedged about him and affected young life in his presence. Students were drawn to the inner precincts where new light shone and ambition was reborn. There was something mystic in the quality of the influence exerted over the student body under his guidance. His great and absorbing personality held the endearment of hundreds as closely as his cherished advice would grip the spirit of the individual student."—*J. B. Hungerford*, '77, Publisher of *Carroll Herald*, Board of Trustees, Iowa State College, 1894-1909.

"He shared in some of the happiest days of my life and has always been something of an ideal that has seemed to guide in my working life."—*Clem F. Kimball*, '89, Ex-Senator, Attorney, Council Bluffs.

"His stalwart character, his wise leadership, his evenness of temper and his genial personality endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him. He still lives in the hearts of his friends, and the good influences of his life will never die."—*F. S. Dewey*, '08, President Kansas City Alumni Association, Assistant Manager Kansas City Light and Power Company.

"Were the items of thoroughness that I learned from Dr. Stanton, a marketable commodity, money could not buy it. We will not soon see his like again."—*J. L. McCaull*, Ex-86, Minneapolis.

"I have always admired his undaunted spirit and strength and his boundless faith in all great ideals for the college."—*Fina Ott*, Former Y. W. C. A. Secretary.

"It was given to him to serve longer and more faithfully than any other and to be revered for that wonderful service."—*Dora (Sayle) Osborn*, '81, Columbus, Ohio.

"In the many years that I spent at Ames, I always knew that whatever my perplexity, whatever help I might need in straightening out any big or petty difficulty, I would find my best advisor and my advice at the desk of and the person of E. W. Stanton."—*Adrian M. Newens*, Lincoln, Nebraska, former Head of Public Speaking Department, Iowa State College.

"I feel as though the real genuine spiritual force of the college had gone, except that such a force as his can't go, so long as there are people left who remember it."—*Emma (Leonard) Packard*, '07, Delhi, California.

"Though dead, yet he lives in the great and lasting influences of a half century left behind in the strong and noble men and women who have been under his teaching."—*W. A. Peterson*, '87, Physician, Chicago.

"In all these years, I have seen no change in his general personality. Through all of these years, I have known him somewhat intimately. He was always the same in his outspoken frankness to me, and I have always said he had a lovable personality. You might differ from him on various matters, but nevertheless he was still the same lovable man to you. You could easily forget differences and like him. It is not given to many men to have such a character."—*L. H. Pammel*, Professor of Botany, Iowa State College.

"No one could come under the influence of Dr. Stanton without being a gainer. I am glad to have had that privilege. He will be sorely missed at all alumni meetings. That irresistible smile will never be forgotten."—*Emma (Reno) Hadley*, '14, Lincoln, Nebraska.

"The sorrow is ours. Our loss is great. That of the college is beyond measure. I am abidingly convinced that the work of no man has done more for I. S. C. as an institution and for the molding of character of its student body, than has the work of Mr. Stanton."—*L. B. Robinson*, '77, Deceased, Former Member of the Board of Trustees, Iowa State College, 1898-1902.

"While the Iowa State College is an eloquent and lasting monument to his memory and an entirely fitting testimony of his services, yet the purposes of his life are more appropriately reflected in the lives and fortunes of the thousands of his acquaintances and friends."—*Virgil Snyder*, '89, Professor of Mathematics, Cornell University.

"His deep sincerity, devotion to noble educational ideals, his kindness and unselfishness, won for him in our hearts a place of lasting affection. Such a life as Dean Stanton's argues most convincingly for

immortality. Such characters are of too great worth to perish." *A. B. Storms*, Former President of Iowa State College, present address: Berea, Ohio.

"Such a life will not only continue in the Great Beyond, but its benign influence is reproduced in the thousands of lives with whom he was closely associated."—*Nat Spencer*, '88, Journalist and Welfare Worker, Kansas City, Missouri.

"We who were his pupils know that he left his mark on the lives of all of us. He was always kindly. His was a bright, alert mentality; he made his life work, the removal of difficulties from the pathway of others. He brightened the skies of many a struggling student, and was always ready to help. We may surely say of him that the world is very much better for his living in it."—*T. L. Smith*, '77, Deceased, President of the T. L. Smith Company, Milwaukee.

"It is difficult to believe that such a dynamic nature as his has been subdued even by death. As is usually the case, now that his wonderful work is ended, we are overcome with the magnitude of his accomplishments."—*Aure C. Tucker*, Ex-'02, former Secretary to Dean Stanton.

"Many of my fondest memories of college life and the earliest center around him. What a blessed memory to have, that all who ever came in contact with him, loved him and loved him devotedly."—*Eva Paull Van Slyke*, '74, Des Moines, Iowa.

"He filled a large place in the world of business and education, but he also filled a very warm place in the hearts of the friends who knew him best."—*Florence McDonald Wishard*, Fullerton, California.

"In his death, the college has lost its oldest and best friend and mainstay; the state and the nation have lost a man of power and in-

fluence who has done much during his lifetime, to mold the characters of the young men who are now citizens of our country and who will remember his teachings and examples throughout their lives.”—*Gurdon W. Wattles*, '79, Bonds and Loans, Hollywood, California.

“It is given to few men to serve an educational institution for fifty years and possess the esteem of tens of thousands of friends and students. We mourn as a friend and we mourn with the State which has lost one of its most useful citizens.”—*George F. and Anna (Nichols) Goodnow*, '85, Chicago.

“The state has lost a great citizen—the college its longest and most conscientious worker—the family a loving husband and father—and the alumni and students, a sympathetic friend. We will all miss him. His great work was about finished. God bless him. The men of 1891 are fast passing—Beardshear, Saylor, McElroy, Wilson and now Stanton.”—*C. D. Boardman*, '74, Kansas City, Board of Trustees, Iowa State College, 1888-1894.

“There is mourning in every town and countryside in Iowa, because of the death of Dean E. W. Stanton of the Iowa State College at Ames. In his life time the benediction of his influence rested upon thousands of young people from every corner of the state. For forty-eight years he had been a teacher at Ames. He had the respect and confidence of his pupils. He was always affectionately talked of as ‘Stantie’, no matter whether it was in the days when he was an instructor, a professor of mathematics, acting president or dean of the college. The college is his monument; he did for it more than any other man. He entered the institution as a student when it first opened its doors. He graduated with its first class, and from that day on, he worked and grew with the institution. He had satisfaction and pride in seeing it become the leading technical agricultural school in the United States. Dean Stanton’s work is finished; it has been good work, true work, square work, and its influence will reach far into the future, certainly as long as the youngest of those who sat

at his feet in the classroom shall live."—*J. W. Doxsee*, '77, in the *Monticello Express*, Attorney and Editor.

"No two observers see the same rainbow; nor do any two critics see precisely the same excellencies of canvas or marble. Nor do men in the same degree see the virtues and abilities of a great man. And it is of a great man I write. That science, of which Stanton seemed to me a master, is so often taught as from a fog or from an inclined plane, or at an acute angle, that many a student passes the study as having gone through a mystery or has been squeezed out of a machine. It was not so with Stanton's students. He laid the foundation as clear and lucid as he did the axioms and fundamental mathematical propositions. Each proposition was lucidly presented and put in its proper relation to that which went before, and was so complete and appropriately placed that it fitted compactly with all that was to follow.

But more particularly do I now recognize the force of his doctrine and the soundness of his teaching in that wholesome conservatism, apparent at all times, which while arbitrarily rejecting nothing new which was proving itself strong and sound, always held fast to that which was, and had been proved, good."—*Charles H. Sloan*, '84, Ex-Congressman, Attorney at Geneva, Nebraska.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION PAYS TRIBUTE TO DR. STANTON

Adopted November 4, 1920

NEARLY every human institution of any consequence bears upon it the stamp of some strong personality, who perhaps dominated it or at least guided it during its formative period.

Among those who have known Iowa State College from its beginning there will be few who will not agree that the most potent influence in forming what we may designate as its character was Edgar W. Stanton. Other strong figures there were who helped to chart its course and shape its destiny; but those men came, remained a while and then removed to other fields or passed into the great silence. Dr. Stanton remained. Through all vicissitudes of changeable times, diverse influences and conflicting purposes, he stood by; and, like the lad who 'bore 'mid snow and ice the banner with a strange device,' he had but one watchword. It may be approximately expressed in one word—thoroughness. He held to the old theory that mental vigor comes through mental discipline—real discipline, not make-believe. On this principle he never compromised. The high standing of Iowa State College today is due primarily to Dr. Stanton's uncompromising attitudes on standards.

He was a great teacher—direct as light and as clear. The student who could not grasp his statement of a fact or principle was hopeless. He was an excellent business man. In his capacity as Secretary of the College, he organized the institution on its financial side; and he did a wellnigh perfect piece of work.

But he was more than a teacher and organizer. He exemplified the sterling virtues of the old-time college professor. He took a personal interest in every boy and girl who entered the college gates to become a student, and he followed their course through to graduation and beyond. And as a result of all this interest and sympathy,

there came back to him a wealth of gratitude and affection such as is the lot of few men to possess.

Outside of the sacred precincts of his home, the dearest object of his life was the college. All of it he saw. A great part of it he was. Frequently he was called upon to take command and pilot the institution between administrations or when the executive was called temporarily to other duties. He never failed to respond to the call of duty. The governing body looked to him, depended upon him, honored him. He has ceased from his labors. The institution he served so long and helped to build will for ever be his monument.

The State Board of Education directs that this estimate of his character and his service, and this expression of its regard for him as a teacher, executive and man, be placed upon its minutes; and that a copy of the same be engrossed and presented to his family.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE BOARD OF DEANS

Resolutions of the Deans of Iowa State College

Adopted Tuesday, October 5, 1920

The death of Dean E. W. Stanton, Senior member of the faculty, Dean of the Junior College, and Vice-President, severs a period of service that was marked by unusual devotion and fidelity to a great work. His intimate and long connection with the Iowa State College, dating from membership in the first class and service in the faculty continuously thereafter throughout his life, constitutes a record that is unique and inspiring. His notable work, his intense zeal, his kindly spirit, and exemplary life, leave a beneficent influence that will endure for generations. He gave unstintingly of his time and his thought to all who came to him for advice, whether faculty or students, and spared not even life itself when government and college combined in their great demands on his strength in the strenuous days of the war period.

Resolved, that the Board of Deans record their profound sorrow and sympathy, and that we cherish the memory of his personal friendship, association, and service.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the Faculty of Iowa State College, November 15, 1920

In the passing of our colleague and friend, Edgar Williams Stanton, Vice-President of the Iowa State College and Dean of the Junior College, who for a half century served so faithfully, so zealously, and so capably, we recognize a loss to the institution of one of its chief builders and creators.

As a student in the college and member of its first graduating class his scholarship and personality won for him an immediate appointment as instructor. As teacher he quickly brought the students under his dominating influence, and impressed upon them his high ideals. They honored him for the high quality of work he himself gave and which in return he exacted of them. As head of the Department of Mathematics he commanded the respect, admiration and unquestioned loyalty of all the teachers in the department, and with their help he established a high standard of scholarship.

As chairman of important committees he performed a service of large value to the institution as a whole. As chairman for many years of the Course of Study Committee he watched and guided the development of new courses, and by his loyalty to the fundamental purpose of the college was largely responsible for maintaining and developing the technical courses in this institution and putting them on a truly scientific basis.

As chairman of the Scholarship Committee he was as interested as a parent to inspire students to better efforts, as ready to give them one more opportunity, and as happy when at last they succeeded. To the discouraged he gave sympathetic counsel, for those in need he secured labor or financial assistance, and to those lacking true purposes he set forth a higher standard of manhood and womanhood. For years he gave to this work uncounted hours of patient investigation; through it all he retained a kindly spirit and an optimistic faith in the right purpose and attitude of the vast majority of our students.

As Dean of the Junior College he gave careful attention to every detail. He planned in advance, organized his work thoroughly, and

classified each student with painstaking care. Two points which he ever held in mind were a high standard of scholarship and the welfare of each student.

He served the college also on several committees on intercollegiate relations, such as athletics and entrance requirements. Whatever the problem, he took it up with zeal and devotion. To his tact and good judgment the college owes much of its present standing among the colleges of the State and the Central West.

The great burden which rested upon him as acting executive during the World War he carried with patience, strength, and rare judgment. When during the Student Army Training Corps period all the college standards and methods of procedure seemed about to be swept away, he worked with tireless energy to maintain the college morale. During the influenza epidemic he was ever at the post of duty, zealous and devoted to the last ounce of strength. Through all this trying experience he maintained his poise, determined always that the college should render a great service, with high spirit.

As Secretary for many years of the Board of Trustees and later as Secretary of the College under the State Board of Education, he safeguarded the expenditure of state appropriations so carefully that no breath of criticism was ever raised against the institution's financial management. His exact and complete knowledge of college finances commanded the respect and confidence of these boards and of legislative committees, and secured for the institution increased and additional appropriations. Without question to his efforts and those of the late President Beardshear the college owes the erection of the magnificent buildings that now grace the campus. To him we owe our Campanile and its beautiful chime of bells, which wafts through the college atmosphere a sweet and beautiful impulse—a permanent influence toward right living, now and in the future.

At four most trying periods he served as Acting-President. In this capacity he manifested hearty and impartial interest in each division of the college, and in every department. He desired that every department should render high service to the students and through them to the State, and he labored earnestly to promote the

growth and welfare of the college as a whole and of every part of it. When his terms of service as Acting-President ended he resumed his former duties with unselfish devotion, welcoming and supporting the new executives with absolute loyalty.

In addition to his official duties, he ever maintained an interest in all legitimate and constructive student activities, such as debating, judging teams, athletics, and the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. At "pep" meetings his loyalty and enthusiasm were contagious. At athletic games he was always present to back the college teams, whether in victory or in defeat. The Y. M. C. A. Building might never have existed but for his wise counsel and strong influence with the alumni. Realizing the difficulty under which certain worthy students labored, he secured money for the Student Loan Fund and administered it with rare judgment and wisdom.

He was gifted also with a fine power of speech, manifested in many convocation and other addresses. When "Stantie" was announced to speak, the students turned out gladly. On such occasions his message was always lofty, his appeal persuasive and strong. When a fellow teacher passed away, few could phrase so well as he the commendable qualities and life work of the late colleague. Clear and logical in his thinking, honest in his convictions, straightforward in expressing them, high-minded in purpose, sympathetic and helpful in attitude, always loyal and devoted to the college, he won the sincere affection and admiration of students and faculty, and will ever live in the hearts and minds of the alumni.

Having been connected with the college through its whole existence, having served it with such singleness of purpose and with such distinguished ability, he may justly be called a creator and builder of the institution which developed so greatly during his service.

To all his friends we offer this expression of the high admiration in which we, his colleagues, hold his memory. To the members of his family we tender our deepest sympathy.

We suggest that this tribute of appreciation be spread upon the faculty minutes, and that a copy be sent to each member of his family.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE IOWA STATE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Edgar Williams Stanton, teacher, administrator, adviser and friend. A great power in Iowa State College which he loved and served fifty years. To an unusual degree he sympathized with all who wanted knowledge. His challenge to do better in studies and in living has saved many a student and has inspired countless others to their best efforts. In business matters he neglected no detail, yet his vision was broad and his plans were constructive. His advice was sought by student, by colleagues in the faculty, by former students and by many different business interests. His strong and uncompromising support was given to all activities that contributed to better character, better communities, and better state and nation.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE VALLEY NATIONAL BANK

Des Moines, Iowa

Edgar Williams Stanton departed this life on September twelfth 1920 in the seventieth year of his age, but while yet active in the work of the *Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts* to which he had devoted his entire mature life.

Dean Stanton was a man of rare ability. He was intimately known and truly loved by thousands of students who, in the course of their education, came under his influence, and whose admiration as they entered their chosen life activities, never waned. To-day he is mourned by more men and women, intimate friends, throughout the whole United States, than perhaps any other man.

He was appealed to for advice and counsel times without number and never in vain. His judgment was sound and the advice he gave always helpful and given gladly and conscientiously, for he was a friend of his fellowmen and had a genuine desire to help.

Dean Stanton was a good business man. He went about his busi-

ness transactions as he went about his work at the College, in a quiet unobtrusive way, and few indeed knew of his business achievements.

As fellow members of the Board of Directors of the *Valley National Bank* we gladly pay tribute to his valuable services. While not a resident of Des Moines, he was nevertheless an unusually regular attendant at the bi-weekly meetings of the Board during the twenty-two continuous years of his service. To say that his judgment and advice were sound, expresses his preëminent characteristic. Always conservative in his thinking, carefully weighing every contributing element, his trained mind found the conclusion that was just, and that could be acted upon with safety.

It is a privilege to bear testimony to his high character, his worth as a business man, his valuable services as an adviser and associate, and to all those qualities that made him a real man among men.

We esteem it a pleasure to permanently engross upon our records, this expression of our appreciation of Dean Stanton.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE PORTLAND BRANCH OF THE IOWA STATE COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

At a called meeting of the Portland Alumni Association, held September 25th, 1920, at the home of M. L. Merritt in Portland, Oregon, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions relating to the decease of Dr. E. W. Stanton, Dean of the Iowa State College. Said committee formulated and adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas:—It is desired to express our condolence and sympathy for the loss we have sustained in our friend, and beloved professor and fellow alumnus of the Iowa State College, not only for us, but for those who were nearer and dearer to him, and to College and State, and

Whereas:—It is fitting that we who have so intimately and favorably known him in his long and faithful service, should now give some expression of the event, and of the great loss sustained by the community. For he was "high tower" in courteous and kindly sympathy

for any student in trouble. He was modest of his scholarly accomplishments. His influence has been so wholesome, so dynamic in power for good, and his service so beautiful and affectionately given to the college, the reflection of which will cause a feeling of solemn pride in the hearts of all fellow alumni that they should have known this noble man. In college his students often said lovingly, "Stantie is all right." Therefore be it

Resolved:—That while we mourn his loss, we now bear tribute to his memory, and cherish the recollection of pleasant associations, and while regretting his departure, we know his spirit will live long in the hearts of all fellow alumni, inspiring us to high thinking and honorable practice in all walks of life.

Resolved:—That while his achievements were of a high order, his work is now abundantly reflected in the higher ideals of many thousands of students of the Iowa State College, the beauty of which has been fruitful in patriotic and honorable citizenship. We therefore believe it to have been a blessed privilege to have known this calm, strong, cultivated and scholarly man. And it certainly is, now, well with him.

Resolved:—That this heartfelt testimony of respect and sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of our deceased fellow alumnus and to the Editor of The Alumnus as a token of our high regard for his christian character and gracious influence on our Alma Mater for more than half a century.

H. N. SCOTT '76

HENRY W. PARKE '03

GEO. B. GUTHRIE '06

HATTIE HASBROUCK PORTER '00

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
BRANCH OF THE IOWA STATE COLLEGE
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Each member of this Association holds as a priceless heritage the influence and memory of Dean Stanton as a man, a teacher, a friend; and words fail to express our full appreciation of his life, his character and his accomplishments. He was great as a teacher since he not only taught with marked success the subject in hand but did the greater thing,—he made every student his life-long friend and shaped to a remarkable degree the lives of the thousands of young men and women who came to his classroom or in other ways came under his direct influence. Whether the period of association was one year or many, there was that rare quality of sympathetic understanding that has endeared him to every one of us. Some of our membership, have enjoyed this privilege for nearly fifty years, others have been with him but a short time, but all agree that he stands preëminently at the head of the Alumni, the Faculty and the Administrative officers of the college.

His place in the history of the Iowa State College is unique. No person, connected with any college, ever carried on his heart with greater devotion its welfare or gave more unstintingly of time and efforts to insure its proper development and ultimate success, and to him was granted length of years and strength of mind and body to participate in the full fruition of careful nurtured plans and to share in the realization of dreams come true.

Others will more adequately and more eloquently eulogize him, but the Alumni Association of Southern California yield to none in the esteem, admiration, love and devotion with which we have held him in the past and shall ever hold him.

We wish to rejoice with you today in the great deeds and accomplishments of his life, and in the knowledge that he "lives on earth, in word and deed, as truly as in His heaven."

The Iowa State College Alumni Association
of Southern California.

EVA FRANCES PIKE

ALFRED ALLEN BENNETT

BERKLEY N. MOSS

IN MEMORY OF DOCTOR STANTON

By Honorable A. B. FUNK

*Iowa Industrial Commissioner, former member of Iowa State
Board of Education*

In the passing of Edgar W. Stanton, Iowa sustains no ordinary loss. Men more profound, men more brilliant, may have been in the service of the state, but few so useful and so much beloved have made contributions to our welfare.

From the hour of his matriculation at Ames, he steadily arose in favor with those who knew the real Stanton. Modestly he accepted faculty relationship destined to continue to the end of his days, and by sheer force of character and service he gradually came into recognition to the bounds of our commonwealth as one who loves his fellowmen as well as one equipped for service inestimable.

Dean Stanton has been the trusted counselor of governors and legislators. He has been the helpful advisor of college officials and college faculty. He has been the inspiration of thousands of our youth of several generations, at once as instructor and leader, as mentor and friend. He has given instruction elementally sound and permanently abiding. He has never "led but to bewilder." His leadership has tended to sane thinking, to practical conclusions, to sound citizenship—the best possible product of higher education. In private relationship he has quickened genius and promoted confidence, he has developed and directed character and capacity. And throughout his long and faithful stewardship he has given real meaning to the precious word, "friend."

In qualities of mind and heart, in poise of character, in strength of personality, in substantial achievement, so helpful that it seems by no means vain to say: "We shall not look upon his like again."

“THE PHILOSOPHY OF CALC.”

From the Naught-Six Bomb

For those who have never had the privilege of reciting to Prof. Stanton, we present the following:

“You’ll find some nice little algebra in that problem.”

“Unless ye became as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Calculus.”

“When you’ve mastered a problem and go out into the open, doesn’t the grass seem a little greener, and the sun a little brighter?”

To a student who was hurrying through a problem so he wouldn’t be questioned:

“When you’re on thin ice, it’s a pretty good plan to skate fast.”

Just before the roll call:

“I wonder how the battle has gone.”

To a student who was about to give up trying to solve a problem:

“Don’t die on third base.”

After explaining some point at length:

“You want to pin that fast.”

“Well, now, I wonder if Mr. —— is thinking analytically.”

“Hold yourselves down to the finals. When they are over, you can go out and fling your hats over the Old Main!”

“An educated man is one who can do the things he ought to do in the time they ought to be done, regardless of what his desires may be.”

To a student who is not using the principles of geometry:

“Mr. —— is like the man who comes to a brook with a plank on his shoulder. Instead of putting the plank across the brook, he throws it behind him, and jumps across.”

Explaining the theory of limits:

“If you start to walk to the Dining Hall, and go just half the distance; then go half the remaining distance, etc., etc., you will

finally reach a point where the distance between you and the doorway is infinitely small. But you can never step inside the Hall if you continue to halve the distance. Nevertheless, when you reach this point, we have no fear that you will miss your dinner."

In '99 after the Iowa game:

"Easy problems are like easy foot-ball games. These little games don't count for so much, but it means something to play a hard game with the team that tied Chicago."

To a student who is apt to wander more or less during a demonstration:

"Be sure you get on the right train before starting for your destination."

TWO OF DR. STANTON'S ADDRESSES

ADDRESS BY DEAN STANTON

Given at the College Convocation

Tuesday, April 17, 1917

FRIENDS—

In the uncertainties of these uncertain days there are still things that are certain. It is certain that the great nation with which we are at war can make mistakes. It has, lately, made two grave ones regarding America.

It conceived, for instance, that the United States was filled with German-Americans who, when the hour of battle came, would line up with the Fatherland. She is having a rude awakening. She is getting her answer in ringing words such as a German citizen of Iowa used last Saturday evening in an address at Chicago where, speaking on behalf of the German-Americans of this country, he said, "Though it tear our very heart strings we will stand like a solid wall against Kaiser and Fatherland and kin across the sea." In the face of such devotion to the flag, where shall the red-blooded, native born, unhyphenated Americans stand?

And here is where Germany made another mistake,—she sized up this nation as a nation of mere money-makers, without vision, without lofty ideals, without the inclination or the courage to fight for that which she deemed worth while. Germany has culture, but a poor memory. She forgot Lexington and Yorktown and all that lies between; she forgot those heroic days when the blue and the grey, each battling for what it deemed right, put into the field an army which measured in the population of to-day would have been fifteen millions strong.

This country fortunately has money, and it has pledged seven billions of it, the largest war budget ever voted by any nation in the world, to the establishment of democracy and a lasting peace on this old earth of ours.

But America has something more than money, and that something

is stirring to-day in the hearts of her people. It is written on the faces of those I see before me this morning. It is not material,—it is spiritual; it is love of country; it is the spirit of patriotism which stands ready, if necessary, by the blood of brave men and the tears and self-sacrificing efforts of brave women, to see to it that liberty is not crushed by the iron heel of military despotism; but that humanity is made free and that in the very center of the entwined banners of the free nations of earth, Old Glory shall have honored place.

You are to drill; so be it. Leaders are needed everywhere in the making and drilling of armies; in the organizing and directing of production; in the thousand ways by which this nation can be made a mighty, irresistible force in helping to carry to victory the cause of the allied armies.

Leaders are made rapidly in such days as these. A young fellow who graduated in 1863 from West Point, in 1865, before the close of the Civil War, commanded a grand division in the Army of the Potomac. While I was a school boy, poring over my history text, the names of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan were written before my very eyes in undying fame.

The get-ready spirit is in the air; it is in this campus air. This very hour you are to pledge yourself to preparedness, to getting ready, in humble place or high, to serve this state and nation, in honor, in brave-heartedness, in efficiency.

God bless these young men and women. If it be Thy will, keep them from the dangers and cruelties of war; but whether it be peace, or red-handed war, consecrate them, body and soul, to loyalty, to courage, to an untarnished name that shall be worthy of them; worthy of the great college they love; worthy of the free land in which they live.

God bless them in this preparedness undertaking and in all that shall come out of it.

ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Iowa State College

Delivered October 6, 1915

MEMBERS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS—

I am glad to stand in the presence of the largest freshman class ever enrolled in the Iowa State College. Time is to determine whether it is to be, in truth, the best class. The opportunity is yours. As to the outcome, there is where this question of efficiency enters.

As I view it, the first and fundamental essential of efficiency is that the student shall understand and unreservedly enter into the spirit of the institution. In the short time you have been with us you have become fairly well acquainted with these grounds and buildings. You have no doubt admired the beauty of the one and the stateliness and graceful outline of the other. They have come into your lives to stay. They will be near to you in your goings and comings in the next four years, and will abide with you as pleasant memories through your lives; but with all their attractiveness and inspiring appeal, they do not constitute the College. They are but the physical environment of the real institution. The I. S. C., which I believe you will learn to love, as untold thousands who have passed through its portals do love, is made of spirit and not of clay or brick and stone. It is a bundle of ideals which have been wrought out through the years by far-sighted wisdom and limitless sacrifice; ideals which have stood the test of long experience, and which to-day are imbedded as unalterable traditions in our institutional life. These constitute the heart and soul of the college. To know them is to know I. S. C., and thus to know I. S. C. in its quickening spirit and God-approved ambitions is to have started aright on the road toward maximum efficiency. I would I might introduce you this afternoon to the real I. S. C. and enroll you heart and soul in the carrying out of its exalted purposes. The rest of the journey would be easy.

For one thing, the I. S. C. with which I wish you might thus become acquainted has infinite faith in the high character of the work it is doing. It is often a difficult thing for the student to decide upon the course of study he should take. It is mighty important, too. A host of factors enter into the problem. The financial outlook in the industry to which the course leads; the kind of workers that industry requires; the character of preparation asked; the natural aptitude or industrial inclination of the student toward it; the special opportunities he may have in getting started in that particular line; these, and many other considerations should be carefully canvassed and weighed. In my judgment the consideration that towers above all others in importance centers around the question whether the work appeals to him so strongly that he feels that he can live with it through the years in continuous joy, gathering from it each day inspiration for the best effort that is in him. This right adjustment of inclination and capability to the work offered, should be carefully and wisely made. The work itself, in every one of our divisions, is, as I say, of the highest character. There is not a course of study offered in this institution which does not look toward economic possibilities and opportunities for usefulness which should thrill the heart of every new soldier in its ranks. Are you enrolled in Agriculture or Veterinary Science? If so, I congratulate you. The call for high quality workers along these lines was never more urgent than now. The Iowa farm has come to occupy a unique position in the industrial series. It is no longer a bit of ground which mere muscle can tickle with a plow to the making of an abundant harvest. It is rather a great productive plant, representing large investment and much equipment, and requiring in its management scientific knowledge, executive ability and a superabundance of good horse sense. It may be likened to a great laboratory to whose work the hand and mind must be rightly schooled if the results reached are to be worth while. No other state in the Union has such possibilities of wealth production as has Iowa in her soil. You are to possess it; you are to preserve it; you are to breed its grains and stock into higher types; you are to make agriculture in all its various lines more productive and thus

more profitable. In classroom, field and laboratory you are to learn the "how". Your leaders are to be men trained in their specialties, and brim full of enthusiasm in their work. Could there be for you agriculturists higher incentive to the acquiring of the greatest possible efficiency?

Are you an engineer? Were you at the campfire last evening? Did you meet an enthusiastic bunch of young stalwarts? Have you looked into the history of engineering at I. S. C.? Have you made yourself familiar with the record of the men who have gone out of this institution to fight for honorable place in the engineering profession? If not, do so. It will stir your blood and give you firmer resolution. You will find that we have grown in Engineering as we have all along the line. I saw on an Engineering banner yesterday the number 800. I can remember when one could count the entire enrollment on the fingers of less than half a dozen people. We have now ten sections in calculus. One year I taught the only calculus class and there were only two in the class. I have always been proud of them though. One of them is a manufacturer in Wisconsin's chief city. I stood the other day in Machinery Hall at the Panama Exposition. His exhibit occupied large space in that mammoth building. The other of the two has passed to the great beyond; but as long as engineering genius and accomplishment are honored among men, so long shall the builder of that ocean railway along the east coast of Florida rank high among the world's famous engineers. Everywhere, with the years, Ames Engineers have brought honor to themselves and the college. It seems strange that out here on the prairies, in the center of a great agricultural state, there should have been built an engineering school which stands among the first half dozen engineering colleges in this country. This is to be largely credited to the men who have guided its councils, determined its courses of study, and held its students to high requirements. The Engineering Division was never better manned and equipped; the field of engineering never more alluring or progressive. The great world outside of Iowa still offers rich rewards for our engineering graduates, while the swing of local industrial development is markedly in their direction.

The greater Iowa of the future is to be a symmetrically developed Iowa. Agriculture and manufactures are to work hand in hand in its building. It is to be greater agriculture, greater manufacturing, a greater commonwealth. Ames Engineers can be leaders on the engineering side of this movement, if they but catch the vision and make use of the opportunity. Engineers, it is your proposition. Inefficiency will not find place in the race. Efficiency can have the whole field of industry at its command. Any young man of engineering inclinations with red blood in his veins should not hesitate to accept the challenge.

I see before me a large number of Home Economists. I am glad you are here at I. S. C. There was talk one time of sending our girls to Iowa City. The proposition stirred the depths in college, and in the state, and stirring the depths always means progress. Instead of less young women we have more. Our attendance has doubled. We men take off our hats to you Home Economists. We grant that home building is the biggest thing in the world; it is bigger than making farms, or banks, or manufactories or palaces of trade. We need you, too, to set the intellectual pace. Once men doubted the mentality of women. Experience has shown them to be worthy competitors of the sterner sex even in the most difficult studies. I warn you ladies, however, that you have earnest work before you to maintain the acquired reputation of our women's department. Women are sometimes credited with a sort of natural athletic intellectual power,—the power to jump at a conclusion, for instance. I doubt, however, if it's safe for them to rely upon this in mathematics or the other sciences, or even in German, sewing or cooking. I apprehend that the road to effective work is the same for them as for other mortals. Our sororities at one time stood at the head of our student organizations in scholarship averages. They can regain and hold that coveted place only through efficient well directed effort. In college and out of college they have the very strongest incentives to good work. They need have no fear of over competition in the employment market. Every where Home Economics is coming into its own, and then you know there is a process of natural depletion

going on that will take care of any possible over supply. Young women, the world is yours to conquer; but the idler, the social devotee, the indifferent worker will not be in, in the conquering.

Underlying all lines of applied work in college are the great sciences waiting to give their mysteries over into the hands of the genuine seeker after truth that he may connect them up with the every day on-goings of our industrial world. Nowhere else in our work does efficiency count for greater service or more permanent personal satisfaction.

Be you, then, Agriculturist, Veterinarian, Engineer, Home Economist, or Scientist, the work you are entering upon is worth while. It is in the line of the highest educational development. It looks to a new earth of increased and increasing productiveness. It is in step with that marvellous mechanical progress which has multiplied the articles of manufacture, revolutionized transportation on railway and highway, made the human voice to speak across a continent and has filled our homes with labor-saving devices and new found comforts. In the dignity and worth of that work, we, who have grown up in it, have, I say, infinite faith. I want you to know this faith side of the real I. S. C. It is the inspiring side. It is the side that will give meaning to your college life, will put snap and vigor into your daily work and lead you whole-heartedly to seek the means of making it more efficient.

In the real I. S. C., the worker is most important. The student is, in fact, the heart and center of this great enterprise. Except for him, it would have no meaning, no existence. This campus beautiful, these noble buildings, these shops and laboratories equipped with the best that science can devise are here for him. These instructors, more than 300 in number, gathered from many states and representing the choicest product of many colleges and universities are here to serve him. How infinitely short of the truth is that notion held by some that all this expenditure of wealth and energy is for the purpose of making you into mere money-making machines. A college that has this for its ideal does not deserve to live. And a student body that does not line its collegiate life to an all-around high standard of man-

hood and womanhood fails sadly in its duty to itself and the institution. We talk about efficiency. Can we reach it by tearing down the physical man? By benumbing our faculties with liquor or bartering the command of our will for the temporary pleasure of smoking a cigarette? I was once urging a student, in whom I was deeply interested, to brace up in his studies and make a man of himself. He turned upon me like some animal at bay, and looked me in the eye. He said, "I would like to do what you ask of me because of my parents, because of the college, because you want me to do it, because my whole future is involved in it, but it is too late. I am a cigarette fiend." He went his way, but I turned from that interview with the resolve that as long as I had speech my voice should be raised against the accursed habit. I know the struggle. College life is fearfully intense. It tears down or builds up. It ends in toughened fiber and stronger manhood; or in flabbiness and weakness. Let us do the reasonable thing. It is absurd to attempt to ascend and descend a mountain at the same time. Every energy of our nature is needed in the climbing. The physical, intellectual and moral man must all face upward if the highest efficiency is to be attained. That I. S. C. ideal which I would lay upon your heart to-day can be realized only as this institution develops and sends out into the waiting fields of service men and women who are as pure and clean and wholesome as this beautiful campus, and in their integrity as strong and enduring as these granite grounded buildings. Thorough-going honesty should be the watchword of the college student; cheating never, not because the law of the institution would drop him for a year from the college for such offense, but because it is fundamentally and eternally wrong. The world wants honest men, honest experimenters, honest farmers who will neither rob the soil nor their fellow men directly or indirectly; engineers who will be true to the highest ideals of professional honor, putting honesty into every structure they may build; honest workmen everywhere who will make every product of their labor bear silent testimony to the high moral standards that govern them. Unless this class of 1919, as it marches forward from this October afternoon to the days of graduation, shall add to skilled

hand and trained intellect moral stamina and worth, it will have failed to realize upon the real meaning of I. S. C. or to gain any efficiency that is worth while.

Again I. S. C. means hard work. Some of you have, no doubt, already caught a glimpse of this fact. Perhaps you had heard of it before you came here. Some people pass this institution by because it is not a loitering place,—a winter resort as it were. Many more there are who are attracted to Ames because it is a great, busy, intellectual workshop. They like the challenge. I take it from your presence here that you are among that number. The student who has the true metal in him is not afraid of hard work. The world likes it, too, in its institutions of learning. As this hard work idea at Ames permeates the state and is heralded along the pathways of industry outside our borders, it gives us high standing as a college, and adds to the value of every Ames diploma. It is one of the ideals of I. S. C. of which we may be especially proud.

I have been speaking of hard work. I mean thereby efficient work, showing itself in results. Some one says tell us in detail how efficiency in *intellectual* endeavor can be attained? This is a difficult question. Experience here at Ames has, however, thrown light upon a few points in the answer. I wish I might talk to you in a heart-to-heart way about some of them:

(1) To begin with, if you would do efficient work in any of our semesters, you must get into the game early. This institution is like a great ship going out to sea. The date of its starting is fixed. Its machinery begins to move at a definite time. It carries with it on its voyage interests that are as important as any that are centered in an ocean steamer. Not mere transient business, but often life destinies are involved. And yet there are those who ignore the "all aboard" call. They have friends to visit, they are needed another day in the store room or on the farm; they would like to take an automobile trip; they want to stand by their summer's job a little longer in order that they may earn more money with which to meet their necessary expenses in college. The excuses they make to themselves and the Dean differ in weight, and sometimes they are sufficient to

warrant delay in beginning the term's work. In the large majority of cases, however, they represent simply a mistake in the measuring of comparative values. The opening days of college are among the most important of the term. They are the days of adjustment; of getting out of vacation and settling down to work, of starting aright and getting a firm grip on initial principles. Failure to be at the post of college duty in this critical period can be justified only by extraordinarily good reasons. I am confirmed in this view by the testimony each term of a considerable number of students who have made failure of their semester's assignment and are dropping out of college, that their fatal error was in not beginning work promptly after vacation. The student who would make himself efficient and win out in the struggle must, like the athlete on the track, be off at the sound of the gun.

It follows, as a corollary to this proposition, that having once entered upon the race the student should stand by his colors until the final victory is won. Either the college faculty has made a serious mistake in laying out its courses of study, or they do not include sufficient work to keep the average student busy. If "A", who is a bright boy needs all of his time to master one of them how can "B", if of only equal ability, absent himself from recitation room or laboratory for a week or even less, and do his studies justice? It is simply another example of short-sighted judgment and generally leads to the same disastrous result. We are all prone to put off some of our work until to-morrow, generally selecting that which is least to our liking. It is a foolish thing to do, but we do it, and pay the penalty. The work postponed added to the next day's tasks makes a double burden to be carried, and inefficiently done as it probably will be under such adverse conditions, constitutes a weak foundation for future building. How easily may one thus put fatal handicap upon his term's endeavor. It follows from proposition and corollary that we should begin work at the proper time; keep eternally at it; never allow it to accumulate; never put off until to-morrow that which we should do to-day. That is the efficiency method.

Again, put yourself in the right attitude toward your work. If, in

so doing, it is necessary to straighten out some kinks in your disposition, do it. Give the glad hand to every study on your schedule. Except as you really want to make their acquaintance, you shall not know them. As the good book in substance puts it, hunger after the right things and you shall be filled. You must be the aggressive party. History, literature, the pure and applied sciences, will not come to you. You must go to them. As a boy in my office one day, said, "I see I must get after them." The highest authority puts it, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Not faint hearted, perfunctory knocking, but whole-hearted knocking. Then shall the doors swing wide and in the feast hall you shall sit among the mighty.

A disheartened student said to me not long since, "I cannot carry my schedule, I cannot find time to master it." Were you ever completely discouraged? Let me suggest a remedy. I know at least one case in which it worked. Ask yourself squarely the question,—does it add an iota to my power to fight life's battles? If the answer comes that it brings weakness rather than strength, do not nurse it, do not magnify it, nor ask pity from others. Put it out of your life. Returning to the statement of the student, it suggests two of the most essential elements of efficiency, thoroughness and time economy. One involves the other, for thoroughness means time saving. You desire a knowledge of chemistry and set yourself to obtain it. At first the road is dark; the details are many and confusing; the clouds hang low. But if with courage you pursue your way, doing thorough work, conquering as you go, firmly gripping underlying principles and stringing the assorted details thereon, you will directly find yourself, as the boys say, on "easy street," working in the sunlight of a clear understanding of a great and noble science. Mere surface knowledge will count you little, either in college or out. The college and the outside industrial world asks for thorough men, masterful men who can go to the bottom of things; for those it has rich reward; for the others, conditions and N. P.'s.

Many of you, I know, feel the need of more time in which to do your work. How can this be found? Systematizing your day's schedule will help a little. A planless day is an inefficient day.

Arrange your personal time card with care; fill the hours with work that counts; give the non-essentials a back seat; set aside reasonable time for athletics and social recreation, but do not overdo the matter. If, by doing the other things well, you have earned the right to play football or attend the week end dance, you will enjoy them all the more. He who neglects duty for pleasure always carries with him an uncomfortable uneasy feeling which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. When one becomes accustomed to it, there is downright pleasure in a day full up with work, even though the pressure is a little strong. The one thing more important than all else, intellectually, that the student gets, or can get, at I. S. C., is the power of accomplishing a maximum amount of work in a given time. A man up country, a graduate of the college, told me of his experience. He had not acquired the power of which I speak. When he had a spare hour between two recitations,—represented as you know, by one of those blank rectangles on your time card,—he said it took him ten or fifteen minutes or more to put his hat away, find a chair, settle the furniture in the room, compose his nerves and get down to his studies. Directly, long before the end of the hour, he began to get uneasy, wonder what time it was, think about his girl or the people at home, get up, scatter his thoughts and a few other things, hunt for his hat and start for class with the hour practically wasted. His roommate, a young fellow who has since been a candidate for Governor of Illinois, would come in, sit down, bury himself immediately in his work, and come into a knowledge of his friend's presence just in time to go with him to the next class. My young friends, if you wish to become efficient, and through efficiency win success in college and in the industrial world for which the college prepares you, strive unceasingly to acquire the power of concentrated thought, dismissing from your mind all other things, and for the time being bending every bit of your mental energy to the work in hand. Throw your mind in this forceful way against the problems of mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, soils, stock judging or any other college subject, and you will be amazed at the added work you can accomplish in a day.

The college has wisely made provision for the giving of direct personal assistance to the newcomers on our campus. Your instructors will gladly help you outside of class. Do not hesitate to ask their aid. Advisers are appointed for the special purpose of getting into close touch with your difficulties and advising you how to overcome them. The office of the Junior Dean has its latch-string out always. It is anxious to get into the closest possible relation with every phase of your student life, and to help you in every possible way. Please banish from your mind every vestige of any carpet idea. The carpets are getting old anyway and the Finance Committee has notified the departments that in the interest of economy they will not be replaced. Perhaps the Dean cannot grant your requests. The office does not make rules regarding classification, for instance—it administers them. **It can grant you only such a schedule** as the college faculty marks out. The Dean can add a little to the regular number of hours if you bring a standing sheet averaging 90 or above. I can, however, assure you that every request presented will receive careful and sympathetic consideration. I am forced, however, to admit to each one of you that success in your college career will depend largely upon your own individual effort. In college, as in the world at large, each man is his own architect. He may have gathered the material from a thousand sources, it may have come to him on the current of numberless lives, but upon him—upon you—is put the responsibility of sorting that material and wisely using it in building manhood. Industries may be merged, but personality never; each individual is a social unit responsible for his selfhood. This is a solemn thing, but it is the glory of human living. You are to be congratulated that this self building struggle is to be carried forward in an atmosphere of purest democracy. There is no such thing as an aristocracy of birth or money at I. S. C.

THE COLLEGE CHIMES

EMMA MCHENRY GLENN '78

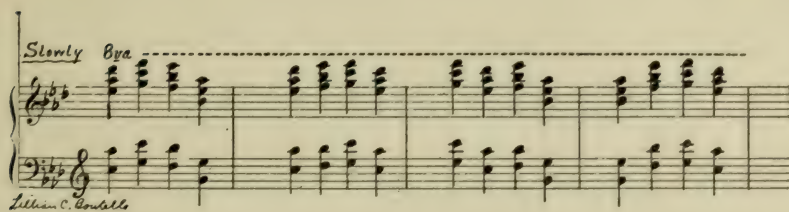
Ring through the years, come the college chimes,
Voices of days gone by,
Flooding the soul with the dear rhymes,
Whose charm can never die.
The college chimes, the college chimes,
Ring through the long, long years,
Stirring the heart with memories,
Of hopes and joys and tears.
The college chimes, the college chimes,
Ring on through the long, long years.

Ever the college chimes shall ring,
Over the campus fair,
Knowledge and truth are the songs they sing,
And skill and wisdom rare.
The college chimes, the college chimes,
Ring through the long, long years,
Filling young hearts with fire divine,
Ring on for years and years.
The college chimes, the college chimes,
Ring on through the long, long years.



THE HOUR STROKE OF THE WESTMINSTER CHIME

By LILLIAN C. BOUTELLE



The hour stroke of the clock may be rendered by striking A-flat after playing the above chime.

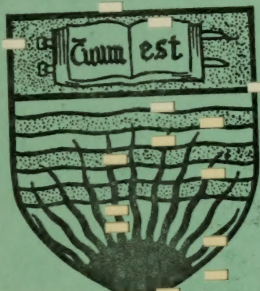
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